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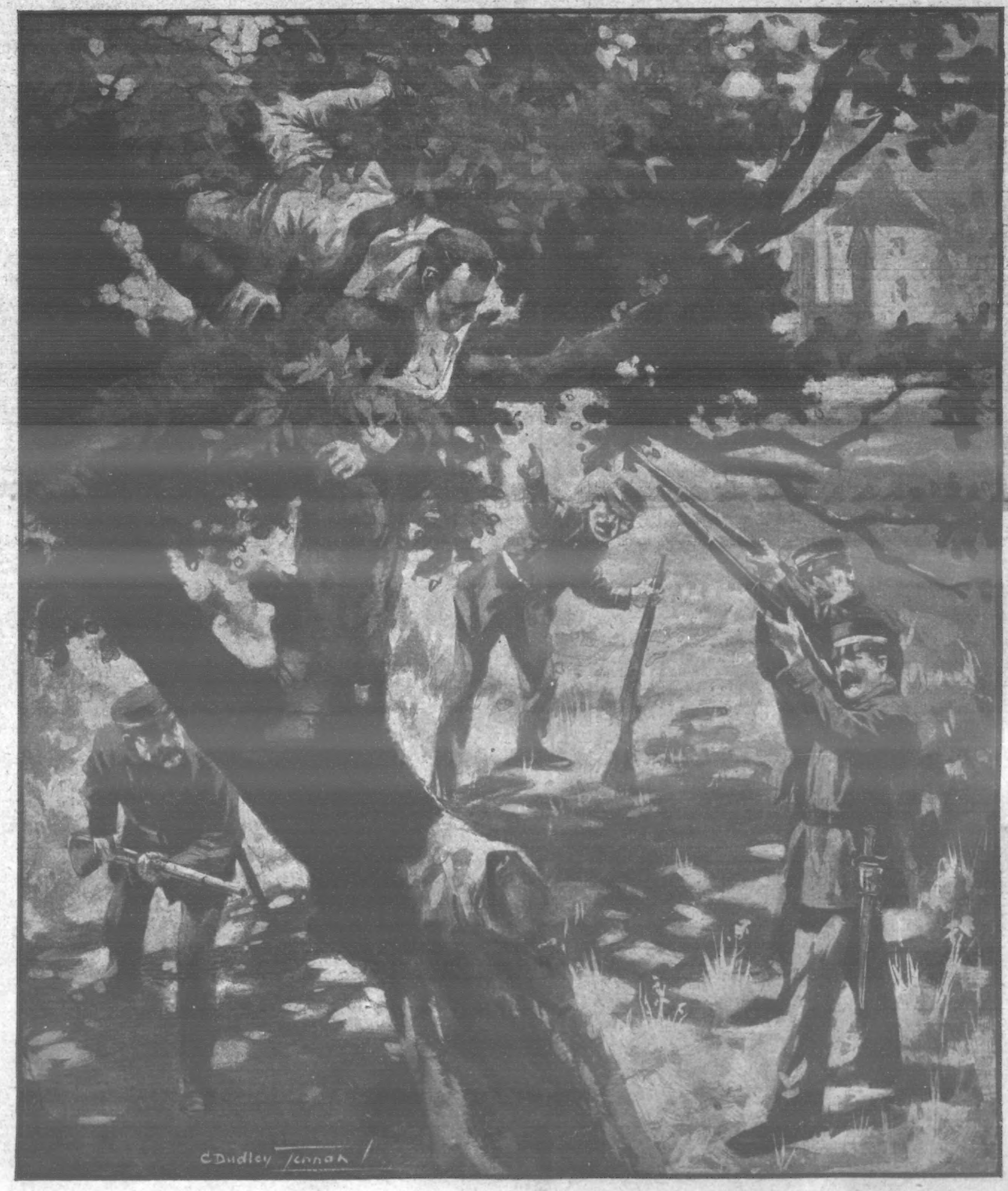

CONVICT UP A TREE.

A daring attempt to escape from Lewes Gaol was made by a convict named Collinson, of Birmingham, last week. Collinson, a strong, active man, undergoing twelve years for wounding, climbed a stack-pipe, got to the roof of the building, and thence to the top of the prison wall which surrounds the exercise yard. He then took a flying leap, dropping into the governor's garden, which fronts the main road to Brighton. Turning down a bye-road, Collinson made for cover in Lewes Isolation Hospital grounds, pursued by warders and a local policeman. Then a labourer reported that he had seen a man in convict's dress climb a tree. Warders hurried to the spot and surrounded the tree, and Collinson was discovered hiding in the foliage. He was given the choice of coming down or being shot. He chose to come down, and was at once secured and taken back to prison.

Do You Suffer in this way?

Mr. P. Parsons, of St. Mary's Road, Gore Park, Eastbourne, writes:

"For nearly twelve months I have suffered from Indigestion, and during that time have been going to a Doctor and had a great deal of medicine from him and from my Chemist, but did not get a bit better.

"I got tired of going to them—in fact, began to think there was no cure for me.

"A friend so strongly recommended Guy's Tonic that I bought a small bottle. Before I had taken half the contents I began to feel better.

"I continued to take Guy's Tonic, and can now say it has cured me, for I feel as well and Strong as ever I did.

"It seems quite a pleasure now to sit down and eat a good meal. I have often left food because I was afraid to eat it.

"I hope you will make what use you can of this letter, and that everyone who reads it and has suffered from Indigestion will take Guy's Tonic. It is a sure cure."

It is unwise to shun food through fear of painful symptoms. Guy's Tonic promotes an appetite and prevents the pain.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE LAST POST.

The hand of Death fell heavily last week. Three famous men have been taken to their last rest. In Dr. Barnardo the world loses a great philanthropist and a greater organiser, a man whose life's work has been the uplifting of neglected waifs, and teaching them to be useful members of the great Empire. By the death of Colonel Rhodes the army loses a

Photo, Newnes.

The late Doctor Barnardo who did so much for the uplifting of London's waifs and strays.

gallant soldier, and the passing away of the Indian chief Rain-in-the-Face removes another link with the romantic past of the savage Redskins.

DR. BARNARDO

Was born in Ireland in 1845. As a youth he desired to become a missionary in China, and with that object studied both medicine and divinity. When at the London Hospital in 1866, he volunteered to minister to the wants of those afflicted by cholera in the East-end. Thus he got his first insight into life in the slums, and after the outbreak he devoted his Sundays to work in a ragged school held in a disused donkey stable in Stepney.

Dr. Barnardo's start in 1867 was a modest one in a small house in Stepney Causeway, which he cleaned and repaired. Two nights in the streets he spent in selecting the first boy occupants. The home was opened, he acknowledged, in defiance of worldly prudence—"with no capital, not a penny in the bank, nor the promise of a shilling.'

The development of the enterprise has made Dr. Barnardo's name known over the world.

COLONEL FRANK RHODES,

Who died last week in Capetown, was educated at Eton, and after passing through Sandhurst joined the 1st Dragoons in 1873. His career was uneventful until the year 1884, when he reached the rank of captain and served on the staff in the Soudan Expedition, being present at the actions of Teb and Tamai; in these engagements, and several closely following, he was mentioned in the dispatches. He went through the Omdurman campaign as correspondent of the *Times*, and was wounded. In 1896 he was one of the leaders in the famous Jameson Raid, and was one of the four sentenced to death by the Boer Government at Pretoria, the sentence afterwards being commuted to a heavy fine. During the last Boer war he acted as a member of the Staff, and took part in the relief of Mafeking. Colonel Rhodes was a younger brother of the late Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate.

Photo, Passano.

The late Colonel Frank Rhodes, who took a prominent part in the Jameson Raid.

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE,

The last of the great Sioux chiefs, who fought the United States in the middle seventies, has just died in the Indian Reservation of South Dakota, at the age of sixty-two.

He was a pure-blooded Sioux, and to the very last he retained his hatred of the white man. He lead the great massacre which resulted in the death of the United States soldier, General Custer. Horse-stealing and murder made him famous at one time in the Western States, and although in later years he lead a more law-abiding life, he never became completely reconciled to his civilised surroundings.

WHEN THE KING TRAVELS.

To ensure that the Royal travellers are not subjected to the same annoyances and inconveniences as ordinary people, drivers of standing trains must see that their engines are not emitting smoke or steam or whistling while the Royal train is passing; and drivers of passenger trains passing the Royal train must avoid whistling unless it is absolutely necessary, and must also shut off steam while running past. It is a special instruction to station-masters to arrange for the placing of trustworthy men at "facing points," over which the Royal train will run, half an hour before the train is due, says the writer of an interesting article in the *Daily Express*.

Rain-in-the-Face: the last of the great Sioux chiefs. His hatred of the white man was intense, and he was a leader of massacres against them.

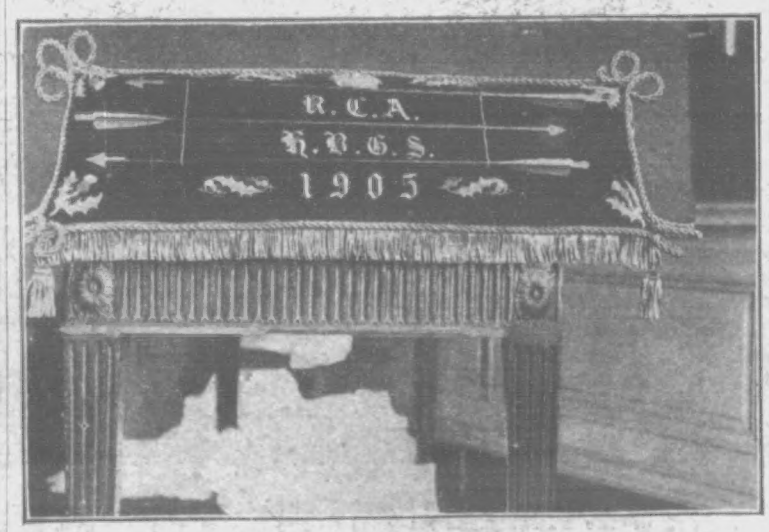
These "facing points" must also be carefully examined and bolted and padlocked for the line on which the Royal special is travelling. No work in any way likely to affect the line must go on at any of the stations, and all work in connection with the permanent way must cease a quarter of an hour before the train is due. In addition, it is the station-masters' duty to see that the entrances to their stations are watched and kept private. It is rather a curious fact also that all fogmen, whether there be any signs of fog or not, must be at their posts an hour before the King's train is due.

The arrangements for the make-up and driving of Royal trains are, as might be expected, most precise. Engines of Royal trains must carry three discs by day, showing the Royal Arms. After dusk, during foggy weather, or when it is snowing, four lights must be shown, one white on each side of the smoke-box, a green light on top, and a purple light on the near side of the buffer beam. Royal trains must pass "facing points" at a speed not exceeding twenty miles an hour—or less in specified cases—and with steam shut off.

Two inspectors, acting as guards, accompany the Royal train, one riding in the front and the other in the rear brake van, the former keeping his face to the rear of the train so as to observe any signal from his colleague or from the Royal attendants, and convey at once to the driver any instructions necessary. Another important item worthy of note is that Royal trains carry an emergency telegraph instrument, by means of which telegraphic communication can at once be established at any place, a special call being arranged to which precedence must be given over messages of all kinds; and a staff of experienced telegraph men accompany the train.

Photo, Topical.

THE DEATH OF DOCTOR BARNARDO: A party of Doctor Barnardo's boys leaving for Canada; the crippled boys on the pavement singing hymns in farewell.



"THE REDDENDO," presented by the Royal Company of Archers to the King last week, as a pledge of their allegiance to His Majesty.

BODY STEALERS.

At South Bend, Indiana, an attempt was made last week to steal the body of a well-known millionaire, Mr. Clement Studebaker, who died a few days before.

The object of the robbers presumably was to hold the body for ransom, but the grave has been guarded ever since the funeral, and after an exchange of shots with the guards the ghouls fled in a wagon that was waiting for them.

This attempt, says the *Evening News*, recalls two notorious exploits of grave robbers, one in the United States and the other in Scotland.

On a dark night twenty-seven years ago thieves broke into a church in New York, in the vaults of which the body of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods millionaire, was buried. Raising the slabs, they unearthed the coffin and carried it away in a wagon.

Much speculation was aroused as to the motives of this grisly outrage. Mystery invested it until 1881, when the New York police were informed that the body would be handed back in exchange for a ransom

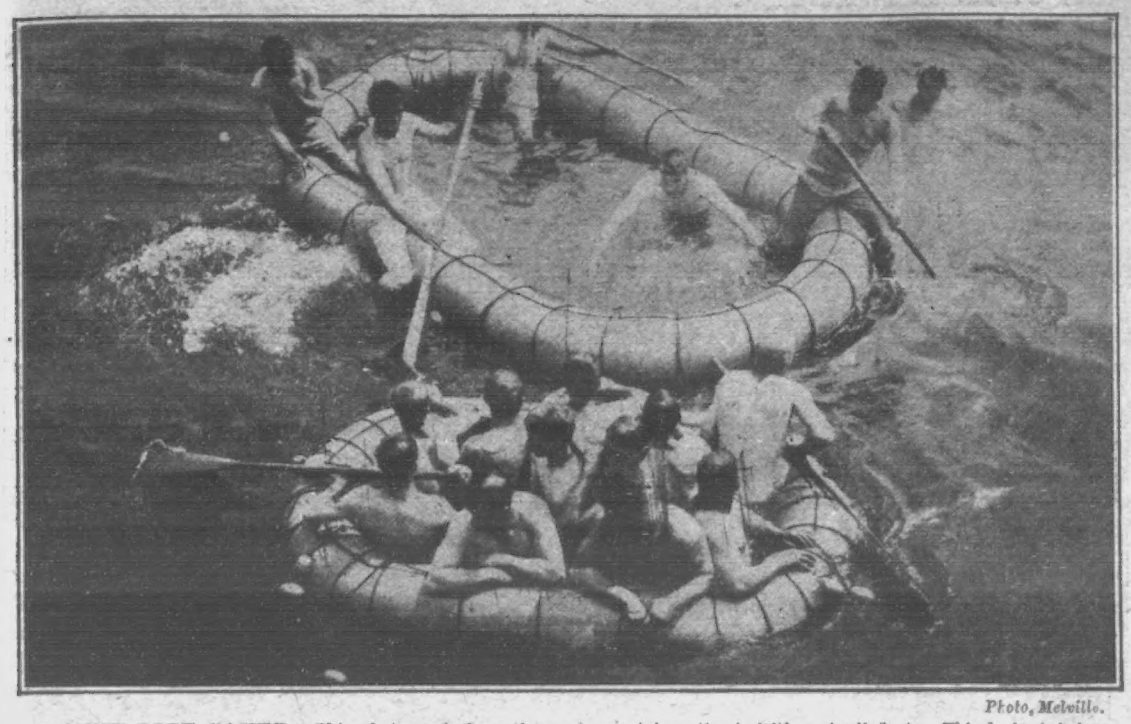
In the following January a person signing himself "Romaine" agreed to restore it to the Stewart family for £40,000, but the heirs refused to pay this sum. Eventually Mrs. Stewart, the millionaire's widow, entered into negotiations on her own account, and arranged a meeting between her representatives and the unknown ghouls.

One evening a party of masked men driving a buggy met her agent in Westchester, New York State, and restored the remains in exchange for £4,000.

The theft of the body of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres from the family vault at Dunecht, near Aberdeen, in 1881, was probably inspired by the American exploit.

Photo, Dickinson.

Major F. L. Adam, of the Scots Guards, Military Secretary to Lord Minto, the new Viceroy of India.



Photo, Melville.

A NEW LIFE SAVER: This photograph shows the most recent invention in "life-saving" floats. This device is being adopted on many of the Atlantic liners, and it promises to take the place of the cumbersome and inefficient floats now in use. The smaller of the floats shown in the photo will hold comfortably twelve adults, while the larger one will hold forty-five. This float was invented by Mr. Horace Carley, and has undergone some very severe tests. It is claimed for the Carley float that it is impossible to overturn it, as it always rights itself; and its capacity for bearing a heavy weight is remarkable. The float consists of a copper tube, elliptical in shape, with air-tight compartments, strengthened by flanges or fins. The tube is covered by two inches of cork, wound round with canvas. The float is so light that one person can throw the largest sized float over from a ship.

Golden Opportunities for Our Farmers.

We import annually something like 250,000cwt. of tinned and bottled fruits. Of course, it would not be possible to produce every variety of these in the United Kingdom, pineapples, peaches, and apricots, for instance, being quite out of the question. None the less, says Mr. S. L. Bastin in the *World's Work and Play*, huge quantities of fruits commonly grown in this country are imported in tins. It is sometimes objected that British-grown fruit is not suitable for canning. This statement is altogether ridiculous, and has been flatly contradicted by actual fact. Indeed, as has so often been reiterated, it can be proved that for fineness of flavour English fruit is well-nigh unrivalled.

During the last few years a well-known firm of jam-makers in the eastern counties has given special attention to the canning of fruit. Their efforts have been crowned with great success, so much so that it is a marvel that more people have not been tempted to embark on a like venture.

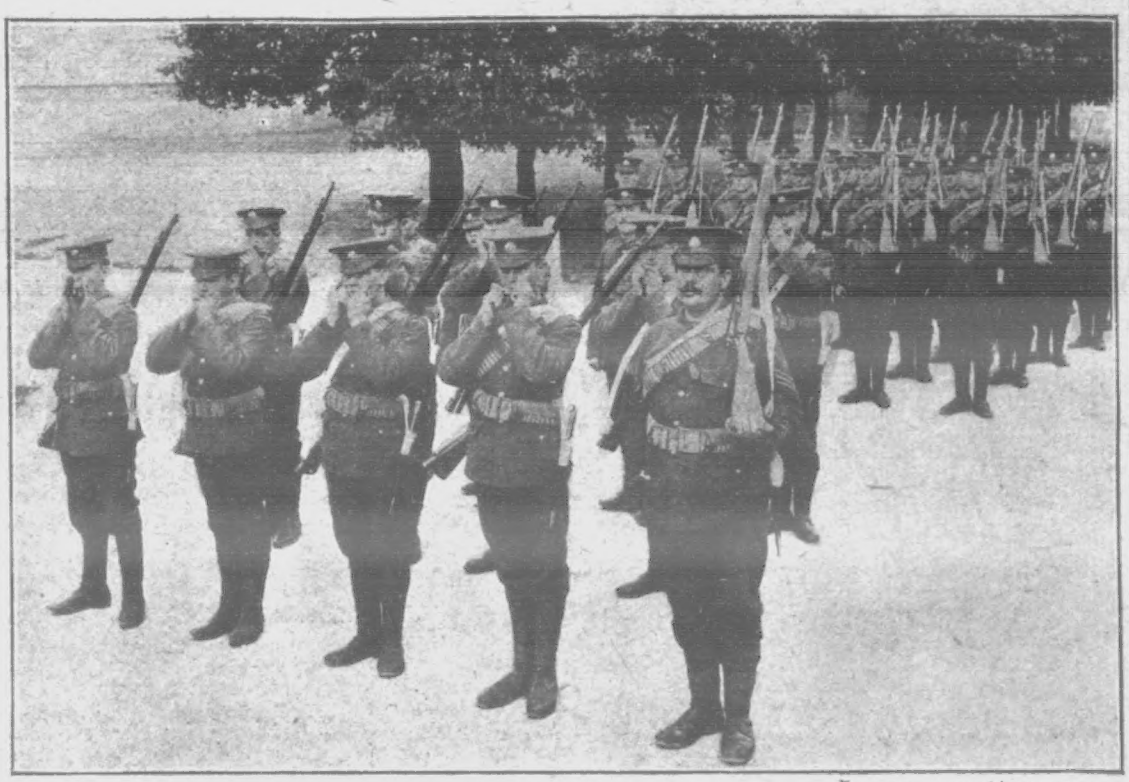
The canning of fruit is not an expensive business or one requiring a large amount of capital outlay.

Indeed, within recent years a special portable process kettle has been designed, making it a simple matter for any one to can fruit on a moderate scale. Several kinds of fruit, such as green gooseberries, plums, etc., may be successfully canned without the addition of any sugar at all. Many people for some reason or other have an objection to tinned fruits, and for such as these the very finest articles might be packed in bottles to sell at a slightly increased price—as is already done by a few firms.

Several capital glass jars for this purpose have been introduced within the last few years, one invented by a Mr. Cutting having a specially ingenious cover.

Photo, Bolak.

England's Oldest Postmaster: Mr. William Kenward and his wife, of Wivelsfield, near Hayward's Heath, Sussex. He claims to be the oldest postmaster in England.



Photo, Knight, Aldershot

A MOUTH-ORGAN BAND: The East Surrey Regiment never march without music. An efficient substitute for the regimental band is formed by placing at the head of the troops, men who can play the mouth-organ well.

At the same time, although the operation of canning is neither complicated nor costly, it is inadvisable to engage in the industry without first of all carefully studying the best methods.

The chief points for the perfect preservation of fruit and vegetables are only two: the material must be heated to a sufficient degree to destroy the germs of the minute organisms which make an article "go bad," and after this has been accomplished all that remains is to ensure that the receptacle is absolutely airtight.

If these matters are attended to, the fruit or vegetables should keep in good condition for an almost indefinite time.

The packer will find that it will pay him to give special attention to the general appearance of the fruits and vegetables as to colour and condition. In order to make quite certain that the articles will look attractive nothing should be canned except well-developed and unblemished produce.

Weird Wills.

General Isaac J. Wistar, of Philadelphia, who died last week, left a curious will.

He bequeaths his brain and right arm to the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology, which he founded.

General Wistar's will recalls some previous remarkable cases of odd bequests.

A wealthy resident of Boston named Sanborn bequeathed £1000 to the famous French scientist, Professor Agassiz, who was to have the testator's skin converted into two drum-heads and two of his bones into drum-sticks.

The balance of Mr. Sanborn's fortune was left to his friend, Mr. Simpson, on condition that on every 17th of June he should repair to the foot of Bunker's Hill, and as the sun rose beat on the drum the spirit-stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle."

Almost equally odd was the will of the late Mr. John McCaig, a Scotch banker, residing at Oban.

He directed that the full revenue of his property should be devoted to the erection of colossal statues of himself, his brothers and sisters, twelve in all, on the top of a huge circular wall which he had built on a hill overlooking the town. Each statue was to cost not less than £1000.

Two years ago a Frenchman, M. de Pierrecourt, bequeathed nearly the whole of his fortune to the City of Rouen, on condition that it should provide a marriage portion of £4000 each year for a giant and giantess.

How Lions are Tamed.

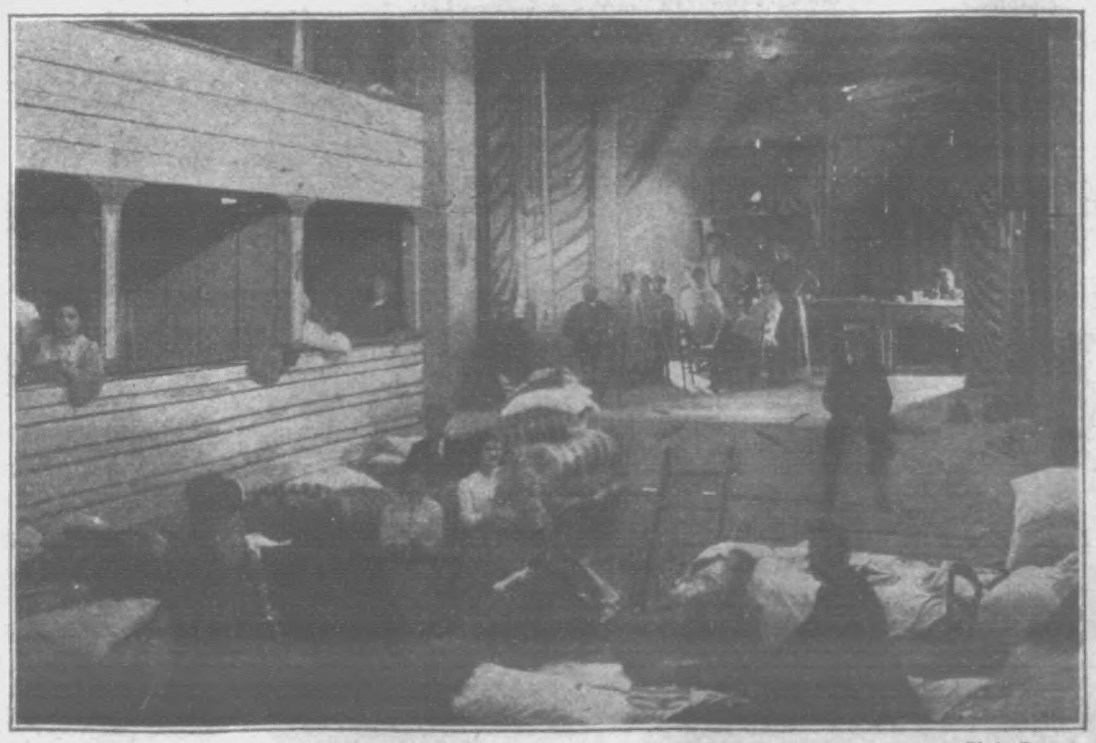
To tame a man, the advice is, feed the brute; where a lion is concerned, some imagine starvation is a means to the end, but that is a wrong idea. The lion is fed, and provided with something to vent its temper upon. It is simply a chair—a plain, wooden chair (says the writer of an interesting article in the *London Magazine*). It is introduced into the cage with the greatest precaution. The enraged lion makes one spring, and in the twinkling of an eye the chair is no more. It lies around in bits. Days succeed days, chairs succeed chairs, until the lion begins to reflect, and, reflecting, comes to the conclusion that the chair is eternal. So, giving up the game, it acknowledges the tamer has gained a point. And the tamer knows it, so proceeds with the second act. While the beast is enjoying a deep sleep, thanks to some narcotic considerately administered, the cage is entered, and a strong collar, attached to a chain riveted to the bars, is fastened around its neck. When the lion shows signs of awakening the tamer sits himself on the chair inside. With a roar the animal bounds at him, to fall short, half-strangled. For eight days this programme is continued; the lion wastes its energy in useless attempts to reach the man; the man sits still, never flinching. Finally the animal becomes convinced of the inutility of prolonging its torture, and jumps no more. The vital moment for the trainer comes when the lion is released, and is met by the trainer with the chair and a pitchfork as defences. After many battles the animal admits defeat, acknowledging its master. How Martin, one of the first men to tame wild beasts, came to enter the dangerous profession is quite a romance. He was a simple stable hand in a travelling circus, which found itself one day at a country fair in company with a menagerie owned by a Dutchman named Van Acken and his sister, a charming girl of twenty. Martin fell in love with her; but her hand was refused to the insignificant stable cleaner. He was struck with an ingenious idea. Allowing a short time to elapse, he invited the Van Acken family to pay him a visit in a tiger's cage. They hurried, expecting to witness a madman's act. What they saw was the formidable beast, submissive and obedient, licking the hand of its trainer. Such an exhibition, which had never hitherto been seen, would mean a fortune for the menagerie, so Martin won his bride.

Germany's Little War: General Von Trotha, who has just suffered a defeat by native rebels in German South-West Africa.

Death of "Miss Crowther."

The New York correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* reports the fact that "Miss Crowther," the big gorilla who left England in the *Graf Waldersee*, died on the voyage across the Atlantic.

It will be remembered that the animal was ill before leaving, and would not eat, and doubts were expressed as to its ability to stand the conditions of confinement in a northern latitude. These fears have been verified. "Miss Crowther" died in mid-ocean from tuberculosis.



Photo, Topical.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY: A theatre that has been turned into a hospital for the use of survivors.

Balloonists in the Sea.

While a Customs officer and the mate of a trawler were walking along the shore of the Bay of Somme, near Boulogne, they saw a balloon carried out to sea and rapidly descend.

Running along the shore they got to within 500 yards of the balloon, and then went out to its assistance in a boat. With great difficulty they succeeded in rescuing two men, who were struggling half-naked in the water and calling loudly for help.

The aeronauts proved to be MM. Louis de Boussières and Georges Gaerks, of the Brussels Aero Club. They had ascended from Liége, and their balloon, which was called the "Aero Club," was lost.

Female "Highwaymen."

Quite a large number of female footpads, whose thefts are accompanied by violent assaults, have appeared recently in the Paris police-courts. These women do not confine their attentions to their own sex. Men also have been attacked and robbed.

Two audacious robberies were committed in the Boulevard Bineau last week. One of the victims, says the *Petit Parisien*, was a lady's maid named Jeanne Pellier, aged twenty-two.

Photo, Smith.

Constable Pryer, of the Kent County Police, who recently rescued a woman and four children from a burning house in Sheerness.

Two young women stopped her and ordered her to turn out her pockets.

One of them dealt her a violent blow on the mouth, and then she was held down on the ground by both. Her watch and purse were taken, and she was left in a doorway after being kicked and otherwise roughly handled.

In the other case, Juliette Brochard, a milliner, was also attacked by two women. Her cries for help, however, brought a number of police to the scene, and the girl's assailants, two women named Duparc and Lacorse, both aged twenty, were arrested.

Luminous Maps.

An interesting invention was tried at the recent German manœuvres in the shape of a map readable at night. The map is photographed on a glass plate, and for use with it a magnifying glass and a small electric lamp are supplied. The whole apparatus is only the size of a cigarette case, and its usefulness is not affected either by rain or wind.

Woman who won £40,000.

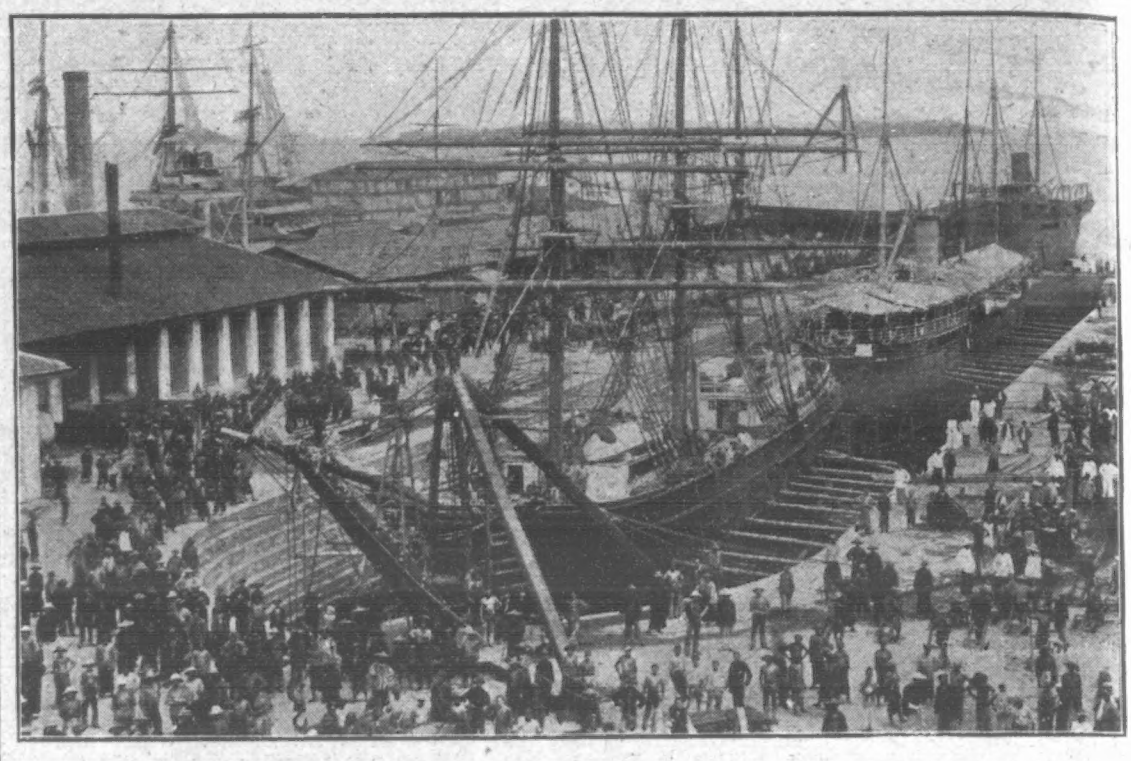
Under the title of "Les Tapeurs de la Cantinière" (The Canteen Keeper's Would-be Creditors), Messrs. Juven are about to publish a book containing a large number of the letters received by Mme. Hofer, the lucky winner of £40,000 in the recent lottery, from persons who attempted to borrow money from her, says the *Daily Mail*.

M. Klotz, one of the editors, states that over 10,000 letters were received, the writers of which between them asked for £149,000. A whole family writes asking her to provide a sum of £2,000 to enable one of its members, who is a convict, to rehabilitate himself by proving his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted. A husband writes in comic despair, explaining that he cannot get a divorce from his wife because he has not a sum of £200.

Poets by the hundred write to Mme. Hofer in verse. Clergymen of all denominations write in scores, calling her attention to various "good works" in which they are interested. Large numbers of retired soldiers also write to her for money. An Englishman and a Paris barrister apply for the position of secretary to Mme. Hofer.

Money is not the only thing for which Mme. Hofer is asked. Trousseaux, pianos, a wooden leg, a dog, a cat, a shot-gun, and numbers of electric belts are wanted, and a child aged twenty-one months, and already able to write music" wants a piano. A hair-dye maker sends her a preparation which will turn her hair a brilliant gold, and offers a contract.

Offers of marriage are numerous. A marquis, as formerly related by the *Daily Mail*, offers to find her a husband in the French nobility in return for a commission. One widower says, "I don't want your money, but I want you, because you are a Lorraine woman, and my late wife was from that country." A German, an Italian, an Englishman, a coachman, a count, a manufacturer who says "he is honoured by the patronage of M. Loubet," all wish to become Mme. Hofer's husband.



OUR NEW EASTERN NAVAL BASE: The docks at Singapore, which, in a few weeks' time, will pass into the hands of the British Government.

The Camera an Accomplice.

According to a St. Petersburg message, a photograph has been published, and is in circulation in Finland, depicting the actual murder of General Bobrikoff, the late Governor of Finland. As the person who took it must have been an accomplice of the murderer, the authorities commissioned M. Kramarenko, the chief of the Viborg gendarmerie, to trace the author of the photograph. While Kramarenko was busy with his investigations, however, he himself was shot.

The Dentist and the Pearl.

Calling on a Parisian dentist, a man complained of a hard substance having lodged in a hollow tooth when he swallowed an oyster. The dentist, says the *Express* correspondent, extracted the substance, and found it to be a large pearl. The patient then declared that he had left his purse at home, and begged the dentist to accept the pearl as his fee. The dentist was too honest to take so valuable a jewel, and gave the man £2 for it. The pearl was afterwards found to be not genuine. At the police-station the man confessed that he had played the trick eight times successfully that day.

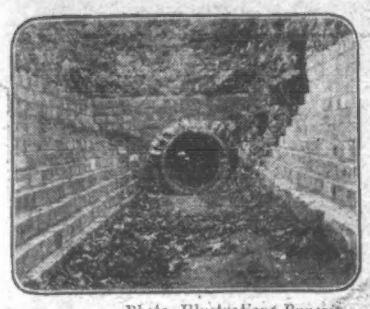
School-Boy Promises.

The story told of Lord Curzon, when leaving Eton, promising to make a schoolfellow Chancellor of the Exchequer when himself Prime Minister, will be borne in mind, with a view to seeing if fulfilment attend the pledge, if and when Lord Curzon realises his own boyish ambition.

Lord Rosebery as a boy declared for the Premiership and the Derby, and has enjoyed the honours of both and is not yet old. Lord Curzon's horoscope, cast by a learned Hindu, includes the Premiership; hence his old-time friend may hope on.

"Boys' promises are easily made, and still more easily forgotten; still, some of them are redeemed. Said Disraeli to Cochrane-Baillie, his school chum, "When I am Prime Minister of England, Cocky, I'll make you a peer." And he did, and the present baron is the second holder of the title promised by a boy and given by a statesman.

OUR ARTIST AT THE GROCERS' EXHIBITION. Some types at the Agricultural Hall last week.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

"The Modern Jack Sheppard": The drain-pipe through which little William Davis made his last escape.

Youthful Jack Sheppard.

There is a boy in the Staines Workhouse who has been emulating the feats of Jack Sheppard.

He is only thirteen years old, and has already broken out of the institution four times. The remarkable story of his escapades was told by the master at a meeting of the guardians last week.

The boy, said the master, was brought to the workhouse by the police, and was placed in the vagrancy ward, but he escaped, and had gone a mile or more before he was caught.

He was then placed in the tramp ward, but at five o'clock the next morning he broke out, climbed through a window, and, although clothed only in his shirt, ran to his home, a distance of two miles.

He was brought back again, and placed in a tramp cell, the window of which was nailed up. This, however, did not hold him. He forced an exit, and, getting through a large drain, escaped across fields. He was pursued and, with the help of a guardian who was passing, recaptured.

This time the master made sure of the boy by placing him in a padded cell.

The lad was brought before the guardians the next day in charge of a porter, who related another attempt made by the boy to escape. He got into a culvert, and the workhouse officials had to crawl up it before they could get him out.

The chairman suggested that all the boy's clothing should be taken away, but the porter declared that this would be of no avail.

After being severely reprimanded by the guardians, he was allowed to return to the "house," on the promise of better behaviour.

The promise was no sooner made than broken, for in less than an hour he had made his fifth escape. He has been recaptured and ordered to an industrial school.

Regimental Nicknames.

Every regiment has at least one "kennel name." If complimentary, it is used inside the regiment itself; if the reverse, it is employed with painful frequency and point by other regiments.

Mr. Stanley Ellis has been at the pains to make a collection of these army sobriquets for *Cassell's Magazine*.

Here are one or two, extracted from his article, with brief notes of their origins, where such are forthcoming.

The Life Guards are called "The Cheeses." When they were remodelled in 1788 the officers of the old establishment said their new comrades were cheesemongers. At Waterloo an officer cried: "Come on, cheesemongers, charge!"

The 17th Lancers call themselves the "Death or Glory Boys." Mr. Ellis gives no historical reference for this, but their other nickname, of "Skull and Crossbones," comes from their well-known regimental badge of a death's-head.

The Munster Fusiliers are called "The Dirty Shirts." As the old 101st, this fine regiment did splendid service at Delhi during the Mutiny, the men fighting in their powder-blackened shirt-sleeves. It is an ugly nickname, but they are enormously proud of it.

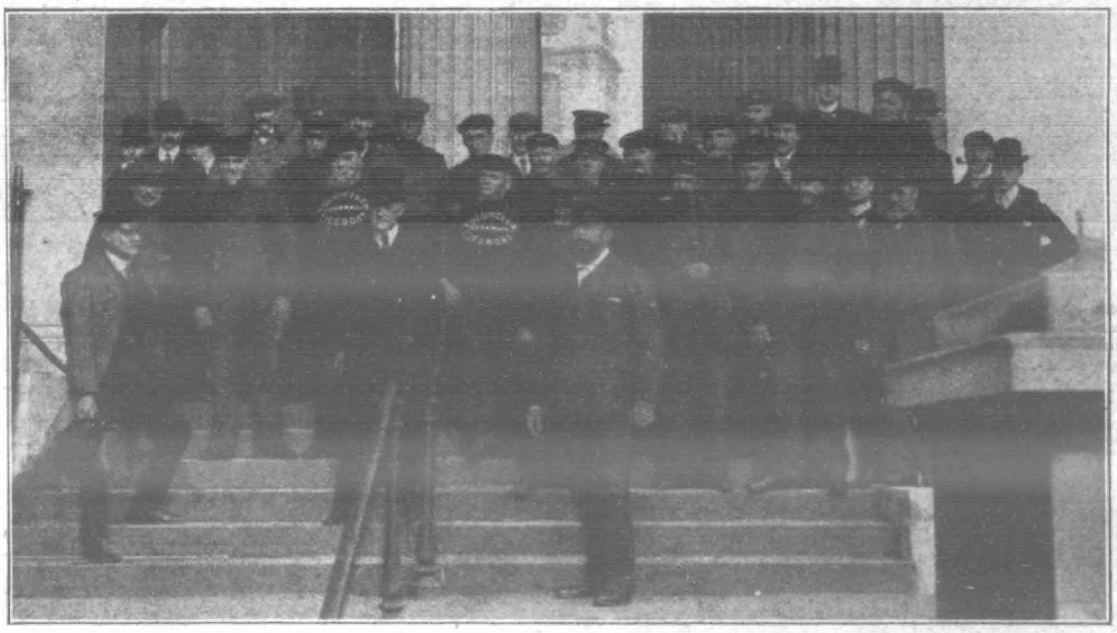
Some Famous Deer Parks.

Nowhere in the world are so many fine deer parks to be found as in our own islands. The Duke of Norfolk's park at Arundel is no less than seven miles in circumference. The Duke of Portland's park at Welbeck Abbey is also of vast extent, and contains many beautiful oaks, including the venerable "Greendale," which is seven hundred years old, and fifty feet in circumference, says *M.A.P.* The Duke of Marlborough's park at Blenheim Palace is twelve miles in extent; and a curious feature is the arrangement of oak and cedar trees, which are planted in groups to indicate the positions of the Dutch and English troops at the famous battle of Blenheim. The Duke of Bedford has a walled park at Woburn Abbey, and the enclosure contains elk, zebra, antelopes, red and fallow deer, also deer from China, Japan, and Manchuria, and a small herd of American bison. Thoresby, Earl Manvers' home in the "Dukeries," has a splendid park, noted for its fine old oaks, one of which is supposed to have been the trysting place of Robin Hood and his "merrie men."

The Earl of Ancaster owns an extensive park at Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire. The red deer have roamed in its glades for centuries, and it is nearly seventeen miles in circumference. Ugbrooke, Lord Clifford's seat near Dartmouth, has a fine enclosure, a feature of which is the riding park, a stretch of smooth turf over seven miles in extent. Lord Bagot's park at Blithfield, in Staffordshire, dates back to the dark ages, and, besides deer, contains a herd of wild goats, presented to an ancestor by Richard II. There is also an oak tree of immense size, called "The Beggar's Oak," as, according to tradition, a poor man, sheltering beneath it, once asked alms from the lord of the mansion, was refused, and then uttered a terrible curse against the fortunes of the family. At Stoneleigh, the old home of Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, there are oak trees in the park over a thousand years old, and several "gospel oaks," under which the Saxon missionaries preached more than 800 years ago. The Earl of Southesk's park at Kinnaird Castle, in Scotland, contains a herd of Highland cattle, and five hundred deer, red, fallow, and Japanese. And in Ireland, Lord Powerscourt's park, in Wicklow, holds a herd of Japanese deer, which his father, the late lord, first introduced into these islands. Then, in Surrenden Park, Kent, now the home of Mr. Walter Winans, there are some black deer, of a very rare breed, which is now almost extinct. Wild white cattle appear in several parks; among others, in those of the Earl of Tankerville, at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, at present rented by Sir Andrew Noble, and of the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, Scotland.

Photo, Knight, Aldershot.

THE "WAR" IN BERKSHIRE: 8th Hussars cleaning up. The present manœuvres in Berkshire are the most extensive that have been held for some years.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

LIFEBOATMEN IN LONDON: Gorleston lifeboatmen sightseeing in town. On the steps of the National Gallery.

What a Cigarette Did.

A lighted cigarette carelessly dropped on a carpet was responsible for a chapter of accidents at the residence of a retired colonel at Kingston, Dublin, who found his drawing-room in flames. Rushing into the room with the object of extinguishing the fire, he unwittingly trod on a portion of the floor which had been practically eaten away by the flames and fell into the kitchen below. His man-servant, in the excitement of the moment, fell downstairs while descending with a bucket of water and severly injured his leg.

Throwing a Mayor into the Water.

The Mayor and Corporation of Tiverton have just gone through a ceremony that has been observed for centuries. Accompanied by boys carrying white wands and a party of men carrying hatchets, they perambulated the town leat to see whether there had been any encroachments. A stream of water was presented to the town in 1256 by Isabella, Countess of Devon, and it is in order that this inheritance may be preserved unimpaired that periodical perambulations take place. At various places *en route* Mr. W. E. Williams read a proclamation as bailiff of the hundred, and there was much horse-play, during which the mayor and the head-constable were thrown into the stream. At the source of the stream hospitality was dispensed by the Mayor (Mr. H. Mudford), and Old English sports were indulged in.

The "Buzzard's" Monkey.

One member of the permanent crew attached to the Royal Naval Volunteer ship *Buzzard*, which lies off the Victoria Embankment, is a monkey of engaging manners, who is regarded as the ship's mascot.

One day she stole thirty-six sixpences, cramming them into her mouth. A hue-and-cry was raised, and after two hours' chase the runaway was captured with thirty-four of the missing coins.

As becomes a sailor she is partial to chewing tobacco, but she objects to the smoking habit. Pipes, whether briars or clays, mysteriously disappear. When one of the crew goes for a row, the monkey gravely takes her seat in the stern sheets, pulls her tail this way or that, instead of the tiller ropes, and thinks she is commander of the *Buzzard*.

"Birds' Nest" Eating.

Much has been written upon the famous birds' nests regarded as a delicacy by Chinese epicures, but the general public has still the haziest of notions upon the subject. A banquet just given at the Chinese Legation in Brussels, on the birthday of the Emperor of China, has called forth, from a Belgian official long resident in China, one of the clearest statements of the subject ever made. It appears that the nest, which is that of the salangane, a species of sea-swallow, is not eaten at all. What happens is this. The bird, which feeds upon seaweed, salivates freely, and the saliva, deriving a peculiar flavour from the seaweed, settles in crusts of an inch thick upon the nests. It is this encrusted saliva which is eaten. Nest-hunting is dangerous and profitable, and is often farmed at high rates.

Tigers Born in Captivity.

Bostock's great menagerie in Paris has just witnessed a somewhat rare event of the order usually classed as "interesting." A seven-year-old tigress has just given birth to three cubs, and her maternal yearnings over her young awaken the echoes of the menagerie grounds with sounds as doleful as the music of the opera from which she is named—"Aida." The beast is a fine Royal Bengal tigress. What the cubs are like nobody at present knows. At the first attempt on the part of a human being to get a view, the savage mother would devour all three in an instant. They must be left to grow too big for such a "secretive" operation before being inspected.

SOLDIER'S LIFE IN BURMA: Bringing in a band of captured dacoits or native brigands. The prisoners will probably receive very severe punishment, as many of them are murderers.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Modern Jack Sheppard: Mrs. and Miss Davis, the mother and sister of the boy who made his escape five times from the workhouse in one day.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Stoke have created a record in winning five League games off the reel. It seems strange to see them at the head of the League, but there they are, and it would be ungenerous to attempt to minimise or detract from the merits of their performances up to date. At the same time a critic has to deal quite impartially with events, and a gentleman who witnessed the match between the Pottery club and Woolwich Arsenal assures me that the Plumstead side

Billiards: Mr. F. H. Weiss, the famous Australian Player.

were decidedly unlucky to lose by 2 goals to 1. One thing is certain, and that is, that, owing to accidents, they had only nine sound men playing for the greater part of the game, and they deserved more than the one goal that came their way.

One expects big things from Aston Villa, and their match with Everton was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest on account of the acknowledged strength of the two sides. It will, perhaps, be recollected that the Villa and Everton played one of the finest games in the history of Association football when they met in the final of the English Cup in 1897. The fame of the two clubs has not deteriorated since that memorable occasion; and it was hoped that last Saturday's League encounter would produce some of the same form. That, however, was not to be, for the Villa "romped home" by 4 goals to nil.

Wolverhampton Wanderers did very well to beat the Wanderers of Bolton by 2 goals to nil, and the latter club now have to figure at the bottom of the League ladder. Of course, some club must occupy that undesirable position, but there is this to be said, the season is yet young, and anything may happen between now and next April. Notts County and Blackburn Rovers are two stars of former days who have lost some of their brilliance, and the pair played a draw.

Sheffield United would appear to have recovered their form, judging by their display against Sunderland. The introduction of Bluff to the Bramall Lane side appears to have given new life to the Sheffielders, and they played with much more dash than they displayed at Ewood Park on the previous week. Groves played an exceptionally good game, and had a good deal to do with the 4 goals to 1 victory of his side.

Another team that appears to have crossed the line which separated them from good fortune is Liverpool. Following a victory over Sunderland they scored a creditable win over Birmingham. It was a capital performance and has rehabilitated the winners in the good graces of their supporters. Sheffield Wednesday are also to be congratulated on their defeat of Preston North End at Deepdale. It is no small performance to get the better of the North-Enders on their own ground.

Manchester City had no difficulty in beating Bury, the victory being gained by 4 goals to 2, and Middlesbrough scored a belated win over Notts Forest. It was the first success achieved by the Tees-side club this season, and was therefore doubly welcome. Much surprise was caused by the overthrow of Newcastle United on their own ground by Derby County, but the latter side have shown consistently good form since the season commenced, and have won each of the four matches they have played.

In the second division, the two latest recruits to that body came out of the ordeal fairly well. Chelsea's

Billiards: Mr. John Roberts, the veteran billiard player.

performance in beating West Bromwich Albion stamps them as what I have all along held them to be, a high-class team, and though it is early yet to phophecy, the Stamford Bridge side will challenge the best of their division for promotion. Clapton Orient drew with Chesterfield, and the Millfields Road side also hold a creditable position in the table.

The Southern League grows in importance day by day, for only the most one-sided of partisans would deny the pretentions of the southern clubs to their legitimate place in the front rank. There were some capital games last week, and the attendances were, in themselves, sufficient evidence of the great hold the game has gained in the south.

One game well worth watching was that between Millwall and Queen's Park Rangers. It was a near thing as to which was the better side, but Millwall scored the only two goals, and so won the match. Tottenham Hotspur received a visit from West Ham, and they beat the Boleyn Castle side by 2 goals to nil. Brentford continued in good form, and had two goals the better of Brighton and Hove Albion when the whistle went.

Southampton and Northampton met on the ground of the last-named club, and a hard tussle resulted in the Saints winning by the odd goal in three. Bristol Rovers only beat Swindon by 2 goals to 1, and a similar result attended the match between Plymouth Argyle and Reading. At Luton the home side proved no match for Fulham, though the latter only won by 1 goal to nil, and Portsmouth defeated New Brompton without any difficulty by 4 goals to nil. Norwich City and Watford drew, each side scoring one goal.

The New Zealand Rugby team have done wonderful things up to the present, and those people who had the temerity to cast doubt upon their prowess will now be inclined to change their tone. A Westerner who knows every trick and turn of the game writes me to the effect that on the form shown against Devon, Cornwall, and Bristol, there is no side in England or Wales that will stop them from winning. Their "fly" forward play and their "five-eighths" are calculated to upset all our notions of what is the proper thing to do, and is likely to cause an upheaval in the present style of game in the United Kingdom. Of this more anon.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The postponed meeting of the London Centre of the National Cyclists' Union was brought off at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. It is said that postponements are generally unsuccess, but, if so, the meeting at the Palace was one of those exceptions that prove the rule, for no less than 20,000 people witnessed some very excellent racing.

The "Turner" Cup contest, distance one mile, which is a competition between the Putney and Paddington clubs, saw some of the best riders competing, such men as A. E. Wills, V. B. Case, Leon Meredith, and J. Matthews being amongst the starters. In the result the Putney club scored a capital victory by

Billiards: Mr. G. D. Stevens.

14½ points to 25½, the scores counting as in cross-country running.

The ten miles championship, of which A. L. Reed was the holder, attracted a big field, but in it was not included last year's winner. A. E. Wills, riding with great judgment, passed the judges first, and he was followed home by G. F. Summers, of the Paddington C.C., F. G. Hamlin, Putney A.C., was third, and H. C. Bauffler, Polytechnic C.C., fourth, the time being 26min. 8sec.

In addition to the championships, there were a couple of handicaps, one at a quarter of a mile, and the other at a half. The race at the shorter distance was won by H. T. Johnson, Putney A.C., with a start of 42yds. W. T. Couldrey, Polytechnic C.C., was second, and S. A. Poole, Anerley C.C., third. An Italian, in the person of W. Morizetti, Italian C.C., with a start of 60yds., and his nearest attendants were S. A. Poole, and W. Moon in the order named.

The fifty miles championship (Liverpool Centre) was decided at New Brighton. S. Benyon, the world's kilometre amateur champion, started, but gave up after negotiating thirty miles. The race was won by R. Solley, East Liverpool Wheelers, T. Sherratt being second, and W. Brown third, and the time was 1hr. 37min. 3 3-5sec. Benyon afterwards had a cut at the standing start quarter-mile tandem paced record. In this he was unsuccessful, doing 28 3-5sec., which is 1-5th of a second slower than the previous best, standing to the credit of A. E. Wills.

Photo, Howard Barrett.

BLACKBURN ROVERS v. NOTTS COUNTY ENDS IN A DRAW: A good shot for goal.

It is not so long since J. W. Morton left these shores for America, but, short as the period is, our champion has not been long making his mark on the other side of the Atlantic. At Travers Island last Saturday, the South London Harrier won the 100yds in 10 1-5sec. At the same meeting a new world's record was made for the 300yds. hurdles, Harry L. Hillman, jun., of the New York A.C., doing the distance in 34 3-5sec.

THE BILLIARD SEASON.

By Mis-Cue.

What promises to be the most interesting billiard season we have had in London for some years has just opened, and matches between the leading professionals will now be matters of weekly occurrence until the middle of April, 1906.

Londoners are fortunate in having the great John Roberts once more back in the Metropolis, and his games are sure to prove the chief attractions to billiard-lovers all through the coming winter.

Though nearing the "sixties," Roberts is still the leading professional cueist in the world, and while "players come and players go" he appears as if he could go on for ever.

Now that his hair is becoming tinged with the frost of passing winters, his play may be slower and his methods more deliberate than they were in

Billiards: Mr. W. Cook, who made the first hundred in the London Season (1905-6).

years gone by, but his charming style and grace still remain, and his displays possess a fascination that is found in no one else.

The great event of the London season will be the professional tournament promoted by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and as this will furnish Metropolitan sportsmen with their only opportunity of seeing the famous "wizard of the cue," the cosy saloon in Soho Square will be a veritable "Mecca" for the succeeding six months. These games are each of 9,000 points up, and the competitors, with their handicap starts, are as follows: John Roberts, scratch; E. Diggle, receives 1,250 start; W. Mitchell, receives 1,750; C. Harverson, receives 2,000; F. Weiss (Australia), receives 2,000; T. Reece, receives 2,500; M. Inman, receives 2,500; and T. Aitken (Scotland), 2,500. This tournament will cost the promoters at least £1,500.

Another important tournament will be decided in Manchester, and in it the players will be: H. W. Stevenson, scratch; C. Dawson, scratch; C. Harverson, receives 2,250 start; F. Weiss, receives 2,250; F. Bateman, receives 2,500; M. Inman, receives 2,500; and T. Reece, receives 2,500. These games will also be 9,000 up.

W. Cook, son of the old champion, and C. Harverson, who won the £1,000 tournament last season, opened the present campaign in Messrs. Thurston's handsome hall in Leicester Square, where Mr. G. D. Stevens reigns supreme.

Neither was in practice, yet they gave excellent displays early in the struggle, and to W. Cook belongs the honour of making the first break of over 100 in the London season of 1905-6. He has all the gracefulness of style that distinguished his father, and Cook bids fair to gain a prominent place for himself in his profession, both as a player and instructor in the game.

In the course of conversation on the season with a *P.I.P.* representative, Harverson said: "This will be the best billiard season for years all through England and certainly in London.

"We have Roberts here, and he is an attraction in himself. Then Diggle has recovered from his long and serious illness and is playing again; while Mitchell—one of the finest handicap players that ever breathed—is at his best again, and everyone who has seen him play says he is in fine form.

"Another thing about this season is the great number of clubs that want matches played. Why, their demands alone are so numerous that all the leading professionals are booked up!

"Altogether there will be plenty of first-class play, and the public are showing a greater interest in billiards than ever."

Left-handed Golf.

Those who have been away for golfing holidays bring back their travellers' stories, and now one hears that there is a village in Scotland in which the visitor who wishes to purchase a golf club receives a peculiar kind of surprise, says the *Manchester Guardian*. He is offered a left-handed club, and when he hands it back with a deprecating smile he is offered another. The clubs in stock are all left-hand, and when the visitor arrives at the golf course he finds that all the players are left-handed. This incredible state of things might set one theorising about heredity, but this has nothing to do with the matter unless in determining that the first golfer to settle in the neighbourhood should be a left-hander.

A Wrestling Revival.

Apparently a revival of the wrestling craze is threatened, for Hackenschmidt is reappearing at the Oxford Music Hall. Hackenschmidt might have performed as a "strong man" as much as a wrestler, for his physical development is immense. He attributes much of it to eating sweets, but he partakes omnivorously of most foods. A gentleman who had the hardihood to ask him to lunch at a restaurant tells us of his surprise at seeing him empty several plates of soup as a preliminary to the meal. His rival, Madralli, was a prominent figure at well-known restaurants when wrestling here, his extraordinary physique attracting universal notice; his dinner was a source of considerable profit to restaurant proprietors.

Photo, Bowden.

CHELSEA BEAT WEST BROMWICH ALBION BY 1 TO NIL: Some good passing by Chelsea.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

NEW ZEALAND v. CORNWALL AT CAMBOURNE: The Colonials won with the greatest ease by 41 points to nil.

Eccentric Man and his Horses.

Very eccentric were some of the ideas of Captain George Lindsay Anthony Wilson, by whose death, without his leaving a will, the Crown becomes possessed of his fortune of £175,000. He thought that horses should procure their own living, and one winter turned out all those he owned into a small park, leaving them to take care of themselves. Death from exposure and starvation would have been their fate if the public had not interfered.

Col. Rhodes as a Cricketer.

The late Col. Frank Rhodes was, among his numerous sporting accomplishments, a fine cricketer. When on the staff of Lord Harris, Governor of Bombay, between April, 1890, and December, 1892, Col. Rhodes was a prominent member of the Government House eleven, for which Major R. M. Poore, then captain, first came into notice as a great batsman. It was from his position as military secretary to Lord Harris that the late Col. Rhodes went to South Africa.

Stag's Fight for Life.

A magnificent stag, after being pursued by Sir John Amory's hounds from near Tiverton into Somerset, took refuge in a garden near Stert. There for over an hour it waged an unequal combat with its foes, repeatedly charging the baying hounds or the huntsmen, who endeavoured to get near enough to dispatch it with their knives. So furious was the fight waged by the stag that all hope of killing it by orthodox means was abandoned, and it was lassoed by Mr. Fende Hancock.

Horse Nomenclature.

Not a few people there were who expressed surprise at the name of Flying Fox, which the late Duke of Westminster selected for the splendid son of Orme and Vampire; but a little reflection (says *Country Life*) would have satisfied them that the name was far from inappropriate. The word "orme" being the French name for an elm tree, and the vampire a species of bat, it is not difficult to see the connection with the flying fox, which is a tree-inhabiting bat. These bats derive their name from their curious likeness to a fox, especially about the head.

Nutting Time.

September is the month of nuts, and this year there is a bumper harvest of the hazel. The nutting season is a time to which the children of the village look forward with great eagerness, and it is almost impossible to keep impatient fingers from pulling down the branches and gathering the nuts before the kernels are half their proper size. But that matters little in a year of bounty like the present, for there are nuts for all, and after the children have had their share half the crop will still remain to drop to the ground at the first touch of autumn frost.

Then it will be the turn of the squirrel and the dormouse and the nuthatch. The former of this trio is a wise little creature. He does not waste his time in collecting nuts which are not ripe. He picks a few in September, but he never touches them till the late summer sun has bronzed the hard shells and shrivelled the husk so that the nut at the slightest touch slips easily from its covering. Nor does the squirrel ever make a mistake in collecting his winter store—an important occupation with which he busies himself so soon as the nuts fall to the ground.

The dormouse is equally clever, for he, too, knows from a natural instinct which nut is sound and which is not worth the storing. How he knows no man can tell, but his natural knowledge must be the saving of much time (if that matters!) and disappointment. Unlike the squirrel, who is only a partial slumberer during the winter months, the dormouse hibernates from autumn to spring. He stirs occasionally, and then turns over to drowse away another month. Nor does he wake up until one fine morning after the frost and snow have given place to the bright days of spring. Then it is that his autumn-stored nuts are used.

If you have kept your ears open when wandering through the woods in autumn time, you have noticed the sound as of a hammer being gently tapped upon a piece of wood, says the writer of an interesting article in the *Evening Standard*. These tappings are not always the same. At one time they are short and sharp, though gentle, and quickly repeated; at other times they are loud, with a hollow sound, and repeated at comparatively long intervals; and on another occasion the sound of the hammer is neither slow nor loud, yet louder than the gentle tappings heard at first. It is the nuthatch, and the other sounds are those of the tit and the woodpecker respectively, the former tapping the branches to make the insects run out from behind the bark, the latter making a hole in the rotten tree to find the maggot that lurks within.

The nuthatch is an expert nut-cracker, and half a dozen hard knocks with his hard, wedge-like beak will break the toughest shell. He places his nut between the forks of a branch, where it is held as in a vice. Two or three taps and the shell is broken; quick as lightning the little bird seizes the kernel, and the outer covering falls to the ground. If you wait a minute you will see the nuthatch fly off, and presently return with another nut, to repeat the operation in exactly the same manner and in the selfsame fork. It is all so cleverly and so easily done, and you wonder why it is that we humans so often break our teeth in trying to crack these hard-shelled nuts which a tiny bird can break so easily.

More wonderful still is the method of the dormouse and the squirrel. Each of them gnaws off a little bit from the top of the nut, which is the softest part. Pick up an empty shell after one of the small creatures has done with it, and you will marvel at the smallness of the hole through which the kernel has been extracted, without leaving a trace of its existence.

Mr. G. Thomas, Director of the Chelsea F.C.

Biggest Chimneys in the World.

London already enjoys the distinction of possessing the largest pair of twin chimneys in the world—they are at Chelsea, and tower above the electric generating station of the District Railway.

Another wonderful smoke stack is now in course of construction in the metropolis. The new stack is being erected at the Blackfriars Power Station, Upper Ground Street, by the Alphons Custodis Chimney Construction Company. When finished it will have an altitude of 180ft., the inside diameter at the top being 8ft. 6in.

Excluding expensive machinery, these tall shafts cost more than almost all other building construction. The price of an average chimney ranges between £3000 and £4000. About a million bricks were used in completing each of the stacks at Chelsea.

While the biggest chimney in the world is in London, the record-breaker in respect to height is the "Hallsbruckner Hutte," which was erected in 1889 in Saxony. This giant has an altitude of 460ft. The tallest stack in America belongs to the Orford Copper Co., and is 365ft. high.

In London, the tallest chimney is one, built of steel, which is to be seen on the way from Hammersmith to Kew Bridge. It belongs to the United Tramways Co., and is 300ft. high.

Healthy "Invalids."

The patients in the public hospital at Lemberg recently got it into their heads that they were being kept longer than was necessary for purposes of scientific observation by the doctors. They particularly objected to being deprived of liquor during their convalescence, induced their friends to smuggle in spirits, and then demanded to be allowed to leave the hospital. They attacked the doctors and nurses, who had to send for the police, and the disturbance was only quelled when five of the most violent of the patients had exchanged the hospital for the police lock-up.

Miss Roosevelt's Challenge.

A characteristic anecdote of Miss Alice Roosevelt is told by the *New York Sun*. On the deck of the steamer conveying the distinguished American party home from Japan a canvas bathing tank was erected. The President's daughter, who was smartly dressed in white, challenged Mr. Longworth, a young Congressman, to take a plunge fully dressed as he was, promising to follow suit. He politely declined, whereupon Miss Roosevelt, exclaiming "Well, if you are afraid, I am not," plunged into the tank. After that the immaculately dressed Congressman had to go in and help her out.

Mr. F. W. Parker, Hon. Financial Secretary of the Chelsea F.C.

Etiquette for Men.

When paying a call, accompanied by ladies, you must enter the room before them, and must not greet your hostess until they have done so. The ladies must be the ones to terminate a call, not the man. Do not rise until they do, and, having made your adieux after them, and opened the door, follow them out of the room. Should ladies be shown in while you are calling, rise immediately and remain standing until they are seated. When a lady takes her leave, rise also, and hold open the door for her as she leaves the room. You would not, of course, put yourself forward if a gentleman belonging to the house were present, unless you were nearer the door than he.

Photo, Bowden.

CHELSEA BEAT WEST BROMWICH ALBION: Some smart play round the West Bromwich goal.

Photo, Bowden.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. WEST HAM: The 'Spurs win by 2 goals to nil. 'Spurs pressing hard.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Humane Rabbit-Traps.

Two hundred "humane" rabbit-traps have been sent to the office of the Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps to compete for the £50 prize offered by the society. Some of the traps display a great deal of ingenuity in their construction. There are fall traps, spring traps, traps for killing outright, and for catching alive.

The competition is to find a trap which will either kill its victims outright or preserve them alive and unharmed.

Insurance for Pigs.

A scheme for the co-operative insurance of pigs has been started in Wiltshire, the idea being to strengthen by amalgamation the hundred or more pig insurance clubs which already exist in the county, and to form new pig clubs in villages which are the source of some of our best breakfast bacon.

The new association, which is to be known as the Wiltshire Pig Insurance and Provident Association, is to be registered under the Friendly Societies Act.

Sweetness on Show.

Under the patronage of the Minister of Commerce, writes a Dunkirk correspondent, an exhibition of home-made and manufactured jams, jellies, marmalade, syrups, cakes, and biscuits, also of apparatus for producing these articles, will be held on October 22 next at Douai. The object of this exhibition is to increase the consumption of sugar, by bringing home to the inhabitants the various wholesome uses which may be made of sugar. It is a condition of the competition that after examination and report by the jury the articles exhibited shall be given to the civil and military hospitals of Douai.

Novel Harvest Devices.

The minds of vicars and lay workers are at present being exercised in the matter of harvest thanksgiving decorations. Florists are being urged to contrive "novelties," says the *Daily Mail*.

"An international aspect will be given to many decorative schemes in metropolitan churches," remarked a West End florist. "We are preparing designs which include such items as American pumpkins, Bermuda melons, Cape gooseberries, and Indian corn."

Lilies of the valley are being grown to specially-ordered designs for church decorations. Even the name of the donor may be represented in the living flowers.

Honey-Making Wasps.

It is not generally known that ants are very close relations to hornets, wasps, and bees, or that some wasps store honey. One species was described by Azara, one of the early Spanish naturalists in South America, says the *County Gentleman and Land and Water*. The nest is egg-shaped, and is suspended to a branch. Porticoes are made to shoot the rain off above the entrances, and the outer wall is very thick.

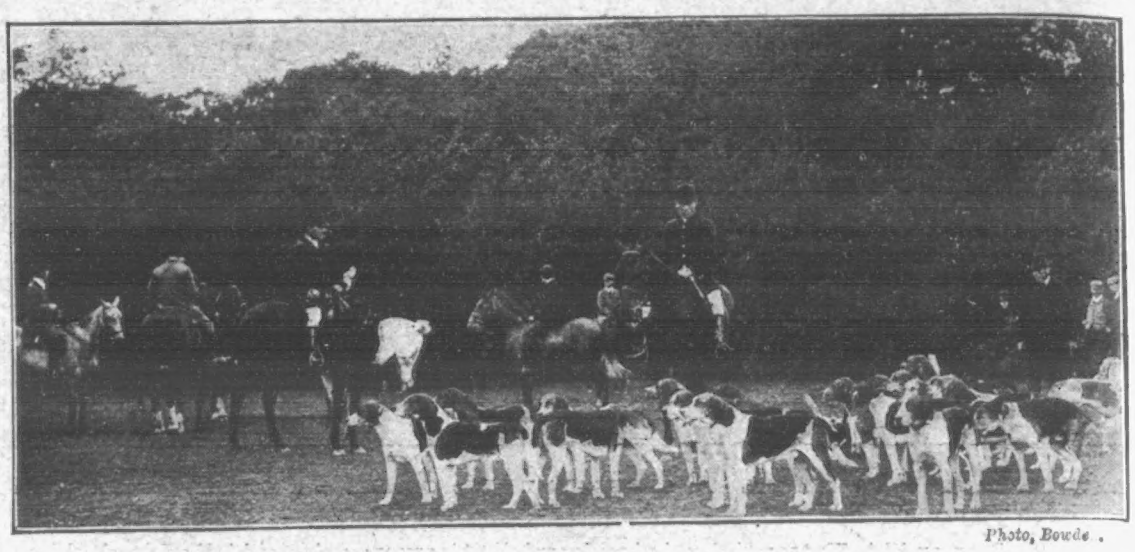
The combs are full of rather tasteless honey. In Uruguay, another wasp makes honey, but it is poisonous to human stomachs. In the hornet, bee, wasps, and ant, the poison of the sting or bite is the same—namely, formic acid. This is quite different from the secretion of the poisonous snakes.

Brackley Horse Show.

Under the presidency of the Earl of Effingham, the Brackley Horse Show was held last week. The attendance was nearly a record for the district. The hunter classes were well filled, the prizes for young stock falling to Mr. J. King, while Messrs. Bartlett, Clarke, Godwin, and W. Flowers won in the more matured classes. In the open class Mr. J. H. Stokes was first, with a good-looking chestnut, Mr. Prior being second. Mr. Prior's bay was also successful in the 13st. class. Mr. Stokes won again in the open class for 13st. hunters. The harness classes were good, the prizes being carried off by Messrs. C. Thompson for cobs, and Colonel Harris in the second class. In the agricultural classes Mr. A. Lepper took the first prize for geldings, and also the championship of the show, for a bay which has, up to the present, been unbeaten.

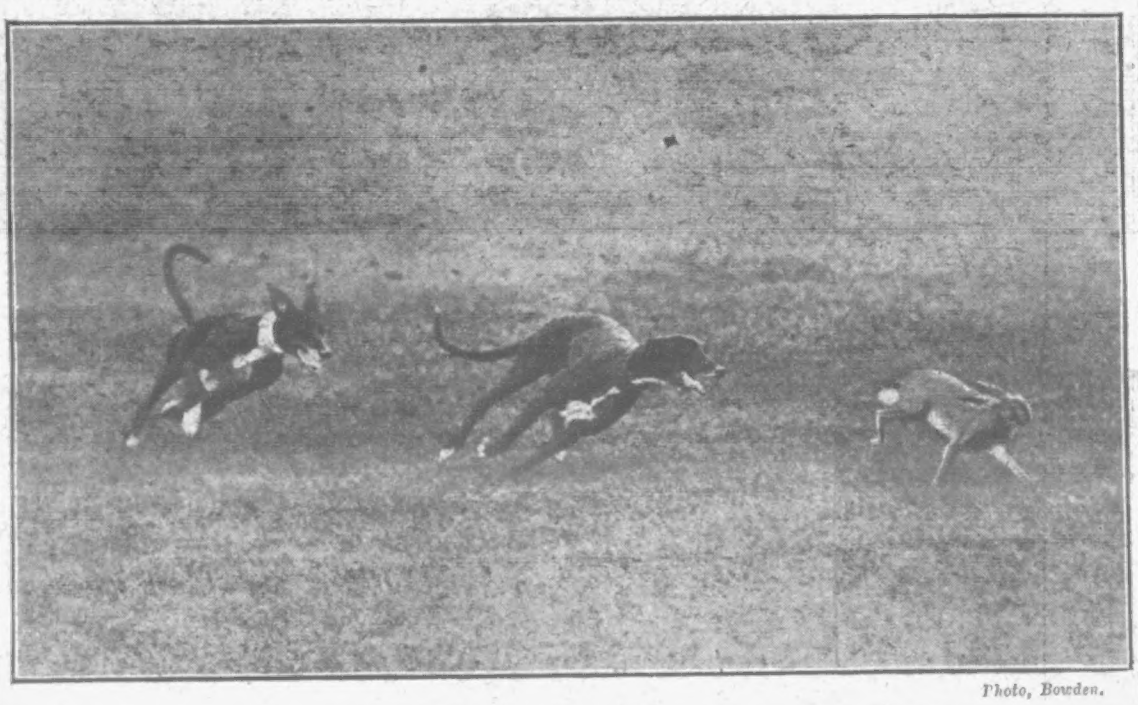
Effective Manuring.

The results of Mr. Ernest Parks's manuring experiments on his Warwickshire farm continue to emphasise in the clearest manner possible the efficacy and economy of judicious manuring. For example, basic slag applied at the rate of 5cwt. per acre this year raised the crop of hay from 14½cwt. to 2 tons per acre, and 2cwt. of nitrate of soda went 1cwt. better, while a combination of the two raised the yield to 2 tons 5cwt. On another field the unmanured plot produced only 11½cwt. per acre, while in response to 3cwt. of superphosphate rose to 36cwt., and as a result of 2cwt. of nitrate of soda 1cwt., and to 2 tons 3cwt. where the two fertilisers had been employed. During the last four years the average increase on the best plots has been 1¾ tons, obtained at a cost of £1 16s. per acre for manures, a figure which leaves a very handsome margin for profit.



Photo, Bowden.

THE NEW FOREST DEERHOUNDS: The pack at a meeting.

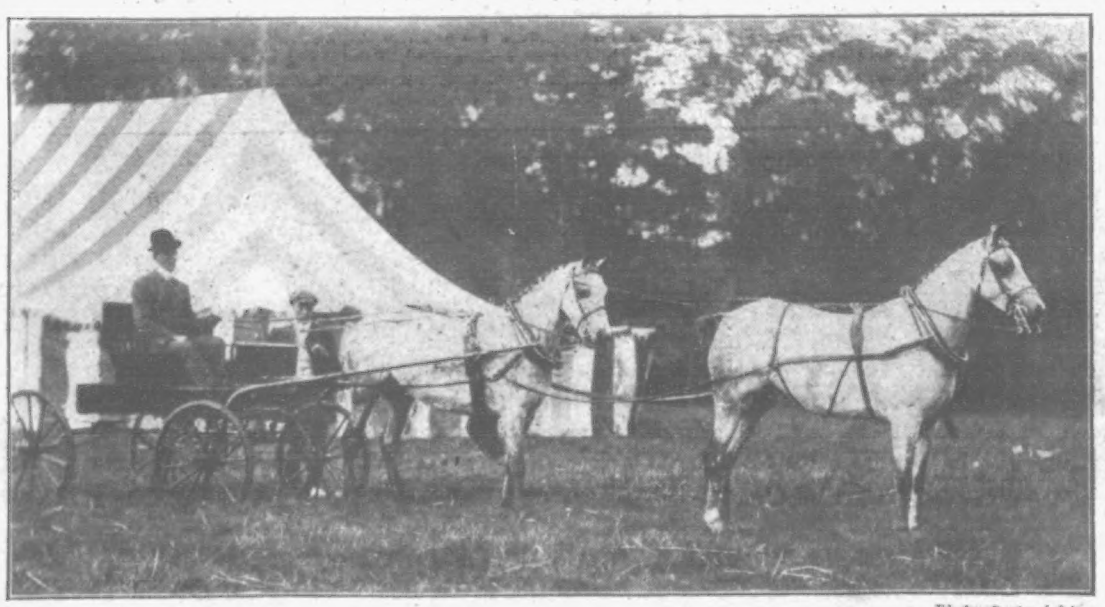


Photo, Bowden.

COURSING AT PLUMPTON: A unique snapshot at an exciting moment.

Mushrooms for Market.

The revolving season is again bringing within sight the busiest time of the whole year for the mushroom grower, and he must now commence the collection of manure for the autumn bed-making. There is a disposition in some quarters to go for the cheapest manure obtainable, but this is a mistake, as these cheap manures, as a rule, contain much that is objectionable and often deleterious to the crop. In ordering manure from large towns preference should always be given to that from horse stables only. We do not object to some cow manure, but if we use this we like to know how much we are using, and this is not possible when the manure comes as a mixture. In ordering mushroom manure a bargain should be made that no hose is to be turned on to the manure to make it weighty. It is to be feared that this is sometimes done to the great loss of the buyer, as not only is the water that is added sold as manure, but the manure itself arrives in a soddened condition until unfit for the growing of mushrooms. If good tan from a tanyard can be obtained cheaply, a few tons should be obtained, and be spread out to dry and sweeten, and when dry should be put under cover. This is most useful should manure arrive a bit weak. Mixed in, in the proportion of one ton of tan to six tons of manure, it will help to maintain a lasting heat. Where sawdust manure can be obtained from stables in which it has been kept until it is brown and saturated with manure and urine, this may also be mixed in to the extent of one ton to about four of manure. This material should be kept dry. Road sweepings may also be used to the extent of a third part in some classes of manure; it is, however, liable to violent heating, and must be used with care. Preparation should be made either by buying a ton or two of galvanised sheets or by making up shutters with match-boards, which should be tarred, so that the bulk of the wet may be turned aside. Scores of tons of manure are spoilt each season for want of this simple covering.—*The Market Gardener.*



Photo, Cartwright.

CARDIFF HORSE SHOW: Mrs. R. D. Evans' grey tandem, "Lady Lofty," and "Lady Grey," was won 3rd prize.

Notes on Bulbs.

The arrival of seedsmen's lists of bulbs reminds one of the rapidly-approaching season, and although there is still plenty of time for amateurs to make their selection, no harm can be done by a general note as to bulbs and their place in the garden. They are equally at home in town and country, and grow well, if carefully planted at the right time, in most soils. Nothing can be more cheerful than masses of winter aconites and crocuses; nothing more gorgeous than beds of tulips; nothing more satisfying in colour and fragrance than hyacinths; nothing more gay than a "sea of daffodils," and other narcissus; nothing more chaste than lines and masses of snowdrops. There are three essentials for producing a satisfactory display of bulbs—plant them early, plant them closely, and let the soil be light below as well as above them. Planted on a firm base they often fail to root freely; planted late they often decay; planted thinly they often disappoint. When bulbs are well established, and grow and flower freely, let them alone. Many fine lines of crocuses and snowdrops have been impaired by taking up and dividing the bulbs. When employed in beds, and they have to be succeeded by summer flowers, the bulbs must, of course, be taken up; plant these in the borders and obtain some freshly imported for the beds. This is the only mode for ensuring success. Lines of crocuses and snowdrops in front of shrubs, close to the margin, where they are not disturbed, have a beautiful appearance, and large groups of tulips and hyacinths in borders are similarly fine. Liliums, however, must be briefly alluded to. They are beautiful for summer display, and with a little preparation they will grow in nearly all gardens. If the soil is very heavy add sand, vegetable refuse, and wood-ashes abundantly, making the compost good and free to a depth of eighteen inches to two feet. My correspondent who is particularly anxious to have a fine show of bulbs should write to Carters, Holborn, London, E.C., for their special list.

Odds and Ends.

A pear tree in a garden at Stoke Abbott, Dorset, is bearing three distinct crops of fruit.

A vegetable marrow 30in. in length and 30in. in girth, and weighing 35½lb., has been grown by Mr. Robertson, of Harrow.

Shoals of fine roach are to be seen in the lake in St. James' Park near the bridge, attracted thither by the food thrown by the public.

A black long-wool Lincoln ram has been sold for 650 guineas at Partney, the purchaser being an agent of a gentleman at Buenos Ayres.

A novel race has been run at King's Lynn between a local butcher and a fast-going donkey harnessed to a light cart. The man won by six yards.

The late Mr. Alexander Fry bequeathed his magnificent collection of beetles, containing 200,000 specimens from all parts of the world, and 72,000 distinct species, to the entomological section of the Natural History Museum.

Roasted apples are hanging on a tree at the roadside in the village of Ham Common, near Kingston-on-Thames. A motor-car caught fire beneath its branches a few days ago, and many of the apples were thoroughly roasted.

The American newspapers declare that Mr. James B. Keene's champion colt Sysonby, son of the famous British horse Melton, may prove to be that much sought for thing, "the horse of the century." He has won £37,170 for his owner in two years.

In many parts of Germany the hedgehog has almost been exterminated as a consequence of the meat famine. Poor people organise regular hunting expeditions against the animal, the flesh of which is said to be very palatable, tasting like very tender veal.

It would be interesting to know, writes a correspondent of the *Field*, how long gulls have been known to live in captivity. In 1886, nineteen years ago, the writer brought from the Land's End to London two young herring gulls, one of which died four years ago; the other is still well and strong. It is curious that they would prefer a mouse or a bit of cheese even to fresh fish. A sparrow, when they can catch one, is also a favourite dish.

GERMAN CONVOY CUT UP IN WEST AFRICA.

During General von Trotha's much-talked-of sweeping movement against the native rebels in German South-West Africa, the chief Witbooi surprised the Germans in the rear and practically annihilated the escort of a great convoy. One thousand cattle, 122 wagons, and many rifles were captured.

TERRIBLE SCENE OF SHIPWRECK.

A thrilling story of wreck of the trading steamer *Venezia* was received last week. The vessel, which was commanded by Captain Fielberg, who was accompanied by his wife, carried a crew of twelve hands. She left the Tyne with a cargo of coal for Esbjerg, and had reached a dangerous part of the Danish coast when, during very rough weather, she went ashore near Skellington. Heavy seas began to roll over her, and it was soon seen that the vessel was doomed. A Danish pilot cutter happened to be in the vicinity when the affair happened, and hastened to the scene, but could not get near owing to the terrific breakers. In a short while the vessel parted amidships, but the crew succeeded in launching the lifeboat, into which they all crowded, with the captain and his wife. The boat was overladen, but succeeded in getting clear of the wreck. The pilot crew encouraged them as much as they could, and shouted to them to pull for their lives, but just at that moment the boat capsized, and all its occupants were left struggling in the water. The men on the pilot boat threw lines to the drowning people, but so cold and exhausted were they that only two succeeded in reaching the pilot boat, these being the chief engineer and an ordinary seaman, who were completely prostrate when pulled on board. The eleven men and the woman perished before the eyes of these would-be rescuers.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

There was a brilliant house on September 23 at the Scala Theatre for the opening night of Mr. Forbes Robertson's season. The Duchess of Sutherland, the authoress of the play, "The Conqueror," had a party in one of the great pillared marble boxes, and the other was occupied by the Earl of Cork and a party of men. Stars of the literary and theatrical world were congregated in the stalls, where notabilities included Mrs. John Hare, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Mr. Verity, the King's architect, who is responsible for the classic beauty of the Scala.

A suite for the orchestra entitled "Four Studies from Victor Hugo," by Cecil Forsyth, was the chief feature of the promenade concert at the Queen's Hall last Saturday night. The work, which is full of colouring and harmonic structure, was well received, the composer rising from among the violas to bow his acknowledgments.

On Tuesday, October 3, "Lady Madcap" reaches its 300th performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

More than fifty new plays and musical comedies are to be produced in New York by January next, at a total cost of about £400,000.

The Rev. C. Ernest Thorn, Congregational minister, of Peckham, appeared, "for one night only," in the comic play, "The Swiss Express," at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, last Saturday night. The part was assigned to him with the object of making the theatre-going public familiar with the popular meetings which he holds at the theatre on Sundays during the winter months.

Mr. Mouillot's tenancy of the Savoy Theatre, which will begin on Monday, October 2, will be notable from the fact that the total receipts of the first performance are to be handed to the Fresh Air Fund. As an additional attraction, on and after this date, Judge Parry and Mr. Mouillot's amusing farce, "What the Butler Saw," will be preceded by a Japanese play in one act, which will be presented by a company of Japanese players who have not hitherto appeared in London. Since the great success achieved some five years ago by Mme. Sada Yacco, no native Japanese actors or actresses have performed in this country. Plans of the theatre will be at Wyndham's Theatre up to September 30, when "What the Butler Saw" will be transferred to the Savoy.

While the London County Council's proposed new regulation with regard to lighting the auditorium of theatres and places of amusement during a performance is being considered, Mr. Arthur Collins has adopted a novel plan at Drury Lane which may help to solve the difficulty. During the dark scenes in "The Prodigal Son" the attendants carry electric torches, which enable them to distinguish the numbers of seats. So far the experiment has been successful, and it lessens the danger to the audience to a large extent, because hitherto thoughtless persons have frequently been in the habit of striking matches to enable them to locate their seats.

The famous "Excelsior" ballet, which was played at the old Her Majesty's Theatre nearly twenty years ago, has been successfully revived at the Lyceum.

It is long, rather too long, perhaps, but the spectacles are wonderful, and the dancing is superb. The colours are bewildering, and the whole production goes with a vim which commands success.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the production is the dancing of Signorina Maria Bordin, the première danseuse, an artist to the tips of her toes, the grace of whose performance makes criticism dumb.

With some curtailment, "Excelsior" should draw London to the Lyceum. In artistic ambition it is decidedly not unworthy of the house.

"Leah Kleschna"—the best drama America has given us since "Secret Service"—was played at the New Theatre on September 19 for the 150th time.

An improvement of the fifth act was effected by a reversion to the author's dialogue as originally written, the result being a noticeable quickening of the action.

The cast still includes Miss Lena Ashwell and Messrs. Charles Warner, Herbert Waring, and Leonard Boyne.

Mr. Comyns Carr is now busy upon the dramatisation of another Dickens novel. This time he has chosen "Great Expectations," which should make a capital play.

Photo, Johnston and Hoffmann.

MISS STELLA ST. AUDRIE, who plays the part of Gilette in "The Gay Lord Vergy" at the Apollo Theatre.

The name of Mr. George R. Sims as the author of a new sketch attracted full houses to the Tivoli last week.

"Beauty and the Burglar," as the piece is called, tells how a jealous husband, returning home late, and finding that his wife has gone out to supper, determines to take his revenge by pretending to be a burglar.

To frighten the supposed thief, his wife persuades the maid to masquerade as her lover. In the midst of the complications which ensue, Miss Millie Engler, who plays the wife, finds time to sing a delightful little coon song.

Nan Patterson, the "Florodora" chorus girl, who was recently acquitted on a charge of murdering Cæsar Young, a wealthy bookmaker, while driving in a hansom cab, remarried Leon Gaines Martin, her former husband, at Washington.

She ran away from a boarding school at Baltimore in 1899 to marry Martin, and they came together to New York. Soon after Nan went on the stage, and three years later obtained a divorce in San Francisco.

When she was arrested for murder Martin offered her financial help, and since her release has been very attentive. Complete reconciliation was not effected until last week, when they decided to remarry. Martin is assistant manager of the Cambridgecourt Hotel, New York, where the couple are now living.

"Which do you prefer writing, novels or plays?" was a question once put to Mr. Anthony Hope, to which he replied, "On the whole, I think plays. It's such a delightful gamble." Undoubtedly the "delightful gamble" of play-writing accounts for much of the fascination it exercises over men of all professions. On the other hand, unlike the novelist, it is rare to find a man who has never been anything but a playwright, and this goes to show that the dramatist is made, not born. Taking living dramatists, the Army gives us Captain Robert Marshall, Captain Basil Hood, Colonel Newnham-Davis, part author of "Lady Madcap," and Mr. F. C. Philips, who, in his younger years, wrote and collaborated in many successful plays. But so far we have no Naval dramatist, which is strange, considering how dramatic in many ways is a sailor's life.

The Rev. Forbes Alexander Phillips is the only representative of the "cloth," as Judge Parry is of the Bench, but the Bar gives several. Of course, many young men are called to the Bar who intend to write instead of practising; but two successful ex-barrister dramatists—viz., Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Anthony Hope—had excellent practices at one time, and both Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Francis Burnand had briefs in their youthful days, as I think had Mr. Comyns Carr, while the solicitors' branch of the legal profession is represented by Mr. "Owen Hall."

Sir A. Conan Doyle stands for the medical profession, Mr. W. L. Courtney and Mr. "Adrian Ross" are both ex-university "dons," and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was originally in business. Mr. C. Haddon Chambers was first of all in the N.S.W. Civil Service, and two years later a stockrider in the Bush. Music gives us our most prolific collaborator, Mr. Louis N. Parker, who was for many years Musical Director at Sherborne School. The Baroness Orczy and her husband, authors of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," were both originally artists.

Journalism has given us Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy, Mr. Geo. R. Sims, Mr. David Christie Murray, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Malcolm Watson, and, of course, the inimitable "G. B. S." Actors are fond of saying that it "takes an actor to write a good play"—the cynical put it "a bad actor," but away with the idea—and they can point with pride to Mr. Pinero, Mr. R. C. Carton, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the authors ("Thomas Raceward") of "Sunday," and among the ladies, Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley, as members or ex-members of *the* profession. Still, if anything, this merely strengthens the contention that the dramatist, unlike the novelist, the artist, the musician, is made, not ready-made.

It is well worth a visit to the London Hippodrome to see Mr. Frank Parker's sensational tabloid drama "The Redskins." In it there is a real horde of Indian braves who perform most astounding dances, interspersed with native and perfectly natural acrobatism. In all there are five scenes depicting the life and manners of the almost nomadic existence of the once powerful and dreaded scalp-hunters. In the big water scene there is used over 200,000 gallons of water in the form of a superb cascade and waterfall, 60 feet high. Here the Indians make a most extraordinary descent over the waterfall in their canoes and thence into the seething pool below.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has arranged to transfer "The Walls of Jericho" to the Shaftesbury Theatre on Monday, October 2. "The Merchant of Venice" will be produced at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, October 11.

Mr. Vincent Crummles and the "Infant Phenomenon" are less alive than in the days of Nicholas Nickleby, but they are by no means dead in smaller English towns, where there is no regular theatre, and where performances have to be given in public halls, in booths, or in tents. Mr. Sidney Dark gives an account of these "modern barnstormers" in *Cassell's Magazine*.

These tours are call the "fit-ups," because the travelling players are obliged not only to bring with them their scenery and costumes, but also to fit up the stage, to erect a proscenium front, to rig up a curtain, and to arrange all the paraphernalia for fitting and changing the various scenes.

Next to the "fit-ups" come the "portables." "Portables" are wooden theatres, varyingly substantial, which are erected in small towns for a season, the length of which depends on the amount of public support received by the performances, and which can be taken down and moved into the next likely place when the season is over. After the "portables" come the tents, which are a feature of country fairs, and which offer "Hamlet" as a counter-attraction to the fat lady and the roundabouts.

But very few well-known players have lived their professional life without at one time or another "barnstorming" in town halls. "Fit-up" tours are run in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, in the south of England, and in Cornwall and Devonshire. Generally the plays produced are the latest London successes; but there is always a demand in the "fit-ups" for the old Adelphi and Princess' dramas, which are a constant and never-failing source of pleasure to the more unsophisticated among playgoers. Salaries in the "fit-ups" vary with the managements. Three pounds a week would be far above the average for the leading man, and twenty-five shillings a week about the salary of the soubrette.

It was an ingenious notion of the Drury Lane authorities to introduce a flock of sheep on the stage. There is always a section of the public which will go to see a piece in which real animals occur, as distinct from performing animals. Comparatively few people care to see performing animals, says the *Globe*; but introduce a genuine dog, which behaves like a dog, and not like a clown in a circus, and they will come in their hundreds.

Some critics took exception to the terrier in "The Light that Failed," but we fancy that he was exceedingly popular with the public. Dogs are perhaps the best animals for a play, but the imagination of the theatrical manager sometimes soars beyond them.

The most ambitious introduction of the animal "motive" into a modern drama was possibly that of the camels of "Ben Hur." They certainly added the necessary touch of colour to the scene, though on at least one occasion they spoiled a dramatic passage by suddenly "bubbling" in the middle of one of the most impressive speeches. And the sound of a camel bubbling is too humorous to pass unnoticed.

His Majesty's Theatre closed unexpectedly on Monday night, and on Tuesday Mr. Beerbohm Tree produced "Oliver Twist" at the new Waldorf Theatre, in Aldwych, instead.

Tickets issued for His Majesty are available for the Waldorf.

The explanation of the sudden closing of His Majesty's is that, owing to a slight subsidence in the theatre foundations, a crack has occurred in the great arch of the proscenium. If not at once remedied this might result in the collapse of the arch, which would involve disaster.

Fortunately one of the theatre staff noticed the crack in the arch, which is visible only from the back of the stage, and Mr. Tree was at once informed of the discovery.

This happened early on Monday afternoon, and Mr. Tree at once called in a building expert, who advised immediate repairs involving extensive reconstruction of the walls supporting the arch.

Mr. Tree courageously accepted the inevitable, decided to close the theatre after the evening performance and informed the audience on the fall of the curtain on Monday night.

THE PROMPTER.

FROM STAGE TO CONVENT: Mlle. Rocoska, principal dancer at the Royal Opera, Warsaw, who has fled to Galicia, in Austria, and taken the veil.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Keeping One's Temper.

One of the most difficult things in the world sometimes seems to be to keep one's temper. Both people and things seem to conspire sometimes to annoy us, and we really feel that it would be a satisfaction to "let fly," as do some of our neighbours. As a matter of fact, it would be nothing of the kind; we should only cause irritation to others, and their irritations would probably react again upon us, making life ten times more difficult than before.

A calm serenity of temper, and a self control which keeps a person unruffled in the petty annoyances and ills of everyday life, indicate the possession of perfect mental health. Nowadays people are very fond of saying that So-and-so was "just mad," meaning very angry, but it would be well if temper were more often seriously regarded as madness. It may be preventable madness, but madness it is while it lasts, and there is seldom anyone who is made more unhappy by it than the person who gives way to it.

In our treatment of the ill-tempered the cultivation of the art of not hearing will be very helpful. It is a useful art all through life, and the practice of it will often save ourselves and our neighbours much friction, and consequent wear and tear of nerves and tempers.

A Dainty Gift.

For a small present costing at the utmost a shilling, the little "hold-all" bags are the thing. These bags are four in number, connected at the top, and serve as a receptacle for odds and ends.

Purchase one yard of good satin ribbon about three inches wide, with, if possible, a different colour on the reverse side. Divide the yard into four equal proportions, sew over the sides, and hem the tops of two bags without decorating them, but on one of the other bags work the monogram of the person for whom the bags are intended, using gold-coloured purse silk, and outlining with Japanese thread. On the other bag work a spray of flowers. Sew up these two bags and hem them round like the others; then make sixteen eyelet-holes, four on each bag; place them opposite to each other at the extreme corners of the opening. Sew the bags together by overcasting the first bag with the monogram turned outwards on the inner side of its opening to the outer side of the opening of one of the undecorated bags. Attach the second plain bag to the inner side of the first plain bag, and sew the fourth bag, with its decorated side turned outwards, to the inner side of the third bag. By this arrangement every base is separate, and the bags when full stand upright all in a row. Finally, take some narrow ribbon or silk cord and run through the eyelet-holes and make a draw-string. Sometimes these bags are turned into flower-vases, tiny tumblers being put in each bag and filled with cut flowers. Small fern pots can also be inserted, in which case a piece of American cloth should be fastened round each pot to prevent any moisture soiling the satin bag.

When Baby Goes Out Walking.

In my walks abroad I often notice proud young parents taking out their tiny toddlers for a walk, and unconsciously acting unkindly towards them by leading them by the hand.

The child starts off gaily enough, but soon comes the plaintive cry, "Baby so tired, please carry baby!"

Often the father or mother thinks this a mere whim, and, disregarding it, as utterly as might a callous nursemaid, holds the little hand more firmly and urges the child to step out bravely. Probably the baby toddles on for a yard or two, then begins to howl, and sits down on the ground, much to the detriment of its pretty pelisse. Then as likely as not it is scolded for being naughty, whereas it is merely the victim of ill-treatment.

Imagine for a moment that you were going out for a walk with a giant, and that in order to hold his hand you had to keep your arm extended above your head. Would not the position be dreadfully fatiguing? Well, that is just what baby has to endure when holding the hand of a grown-up person. To add to its misery the poor mite is often obliged to run to keep pace with its guardian. The result is that the child is soon exhausted, and its muscles ache from the strain put upon them. That it protests is not to be wondered at, for it is being put to a task quite beyond its strength, and which few adults could endure were they similarly placed.

If baby has to be led, it should be with reins attached to a strap round its waist. Then the safety of the little one is secured, and the walk becomes a delightful "game of horses," which will greatly add to its charms.

The Importance of Trifles.

The girl who is careful to have her collar, tie, waistband, and other trifles neat and to harmonise, and whose dress is always chosen with a view to the work or pleasure which she has on hand, is generally a girl worth cultivating. She attracts by her smart and business-like appearance in the first place, and then by her well-ordered mind and business capacities. In fact, one is but the reflection of the other.

There is, perhaps, no more characteristic garment than the shirt or blouse of the up-to-date girl, and it should be most carefully chosen. Whether it be simple or elaborate must depend not only upon the state of the wearer's pocket, but still more on the occasion for which it is donned. One thing is essential to it, and that is its immaculate cleanliness and neatness.

A soiled and faded silk blouse is neither "good enough for morning wear" nor is it "all right for office hours." The home girl and the business girl alike may have to economise strictly, but they should never do so by wearing dingy finery. Silk is not for them perhaps, but they need not regret it, for there are plenty of pretty, inexpensive fabrics which will bear any number of washings, and in which they may look fresh and dainty and far more suitably garbed than in the more showy and costly silk.

To Stiffen Lace.

After washing lace ties, etc., rinse them in milk, instead of starching them. Let the lace dry, then damp and iron, and you will find it looking quite new again.

The Invalid's Fire.

In a sickroom, when quiet is imperative for the patient, never shovel coal on to the fire. Instead, have the coal-scuttle filled with lumps of coal each wrapped in a piece of paper. Take these out one at a time with the fingers, which may first be protected with a leather glove kept for the purpose in the room. When making up the fire, take care to put a screen between it and the patient, or the flames may very likely wake him from a refreshing sleep.

Watered Milk

Is no easier of digestion than pure milk when the trouble rests (as it so often does) with the curd. Water does not remove this: it only reduces the proportion. A mixture of milk and barley water is frequently enjoyed and retained because the barley assists the breaking up of the curd into feathery particles, and in this way digestion is assisted. Pure milk, particularly if drunk quickly, forms lumps of curd in some cases, and these give rise to pain and flatulence.

Tea Stains

On china will quickly disappear if rubbed with damped salt or powdered whiting.

Household Helps.

Remember that, though milk is a liquid, it increases thirst directly digestion commences.—The juice of a lemon in a cup of black coffee is excellent for a sick headache. Smoked ceilings should be washed with soap and water. Salt is useful for taking ink-stains out of cloth.—Exercise is as necessary to health as food.—Copperas mixed with white-wash, used for store-rooms, etc., will keep insect life away.—To keep eggs, brush them over with thin gum, and pack in dry salt or charcoal.—Oil paintings can be cleaned by rubbing with a piece of raw potato and, when dry, varnished.—Water that has simmered long will never make as good tea as that which has boiled once and then been poured on the tea.

Lancashire Pie.

Cut up into pieces one pound and a half of mutton. Boil some potatoes, mash them with a little dripping, pepper and salt to taste. Line the bottom and sides of a dish with potato, put in the meat, seasoned with chopped onion, pepper, and salt, and add a small quantity of gravy. Cover the dish with more potato, and bake for an hour in a steady oven. Serve hot.

Gravy Soup

Is very useful when a large party has to be served. Take for it two pounds of lean shin of beef, three pints of cold water, a large onion stuck with twelve cloves, a carrot and a turnip, each cut in four pieces. Cut up the beef into small pieces, and if you have any bones to use chop them small. Clean the vegetables, scrape, but do not peel them. If you have celery, add it to the other vegetables. Take an iron saucepan and into it put one ounce of butter, fry the onion and meat in this, scatter a little salt over, put on the lid, and let the saucepan stand at the side of the fire for a quarter of an hour. The gradual heat, with moisture, will draw out the juice from the meat. Remove the lid, press the meat with a spoon, pour over three pints of water, and let it simmer very slowly for an hour. Then add the rest of the vegetables, some herbs tied in a piece of muslin, with seasoning of peppercorns and mace. Let all come to the boil, skim thoroughly, and then simmer for two hours, removing any scum or fat that rises. Strain through a colander, remove all fat, and return to the saucepan, shake in a tablespoonful of fine sago, and stir the soup till it boils and the sago looks clear. Colour with a little browning, pour into a hot soup tureen, and serve at once.

Italian Red Mullet.

Clean the fish, take out the gills, but leave the inside; wrap each in oiled paper and bake gently. When cooked, drain off the liquor, thicken it with butter and flour, and add it to the sauce previously prepared as follows: Put half a pint of stock in a stewpan, add a few chopped mushrooms, shallots, and two tablespoonfuls of sherry. Stew very gently for twenty minutes, add a little caster sugar, the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Let all come to the boil, and stir into it the gravy from the fish. Serve the fish in their papers, with the sauce in a tureen.

Maids of Honour.

For these little tarts you must commence by making good puff paste, and with it line some patty-pans. Fill half full with this mixture: Beat two ounces of butter with the hand till it comes to a fine cream, add two ounces of caster sugar, and beat well together; add the yolks of two eggs, beat again; add a small quantity of milk, shake in a few currants and finely chopped candied peel. Beat all the ingredients together before filling the patty-pans. You will find these delicious if carefully made.

Welsh Nectar.

Ingredients: Three lemons, one pound of raisins, two pounds of loaf sugar, two gallons of boiling water. Peel the lemons very thinly, pour upon them the boiling water, and, when cold, add the strained juice of the lemons, the sugar, and the raisins stoned and chopped very fine. Let this stand four or five days, stirring it every day, then strain it and bottle for future use.

Photo, Bolak

A SMART NAVAL WEDDING AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS: Lieut. Hope, R.N., of H.M.S. "Excellent," and his bride.

Photo, Bolak.

A SMART NAVAL WEDDING AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS: Petty Officers from H.M.S. "Excellent" forming a guard of honour at the wedding of Lieut. Hope.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Our Sophisticated Foods.

Suppose you ask for the grocer's best strawberry jam, and he charges you fourpence a pound for it, and you get a mixture of foreign fruit-pulp, sweetened with glucose, coloured with aniline dyes, with seeds alien to the strawberry put in, you have no legal cause of complaint; and the dealer is quite free from prosecution, provided he has included in the composition one or two strawberries. — *London Magazine.*

How, and When, and Where.

Now, it is easy enough for any of us to pick little flaws in almost any character, even, perhaps, the most admirable, if we deliberately set ourselves to do it; but is it worth while? On the contrary, it is a mistake to dole out criticisms either to anyone's face or behind his back, except occasionally, and in homœopathic doses. The little rhyme—

"If you would smoothly go through life
Three things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where"—

embraces a considerable amount of every-day philosophy. — Constance Fuller McIntyre.

Rules for Jap Brides.

That the movement to free woman from the bonds of overbearing man receives but little encouragement in the sunny land of Japan is evident from the commandments given to Japanese wives on their wedding morning by their mothers.

The behests are known as the "Twelve Commandments of the Bride," and read as follows:—

"1. The moment you are married, you are no longer my daughter. Therefore, you must obey your parents-in-law as you once obeyed your father and mother.

"2. When you are married, your husband will be your sole master. Be humble and polite. Strict obedience to her husband is the noblest virtue a wife can possess.

"3. Always be amiable towards your mother-in-law.

"4. Do not be jealous; jealousy kills your husband's affection for you.

"5. Even though your husband be wrong, do not get angry; be patient, and, when he has calmed down, then speak to him gently.

"6. Do not talk too much; speak no evil of your neighbours; never tell lies.

"7. Rise early, retire late, and do not sleep in the afternoon. Drink little wine, and until you are fifty take no part in public assemblies nor mingle in crowds.

"8. Consult no fortune-teller.

"9. Be a good manageress, and especially be economical in your household.

"10. Although you may marry young, do not frequent too youthful society.

"11. Do not wear bright-coloured garments. Always be neatly but modestly dressed.

"12. Do not pride yourself on your father's rank or fortune. If he is a rich man, never allude to his riches before your husband's relations."

These rules are similar to those which were in vogue in Japan hundreds of years ago, as is indicated in the interesting book on Japanese women by Mr. S. Takaishi in the "Wisdom of the East" series.

GLAMIS CASTLE.

In the Secret Chamber.

Last week the Earl of Strathmore marked the coming of age of his heir by initiating him into the secret which he himself, greatly against his wish, received from his father, the late Earl, nineteen years ago.

Possibly no other residence in the world, Royal or private, has been so much discussed as the ancient home of the Earls of Strathmore; and probably no other secret has attracted so many eager and curious investigators. The identity of the Man in the Iron Mask and of Junius are, by comparison, unexciting, simple problems. Generation after generation of inquirers have been defied. Men, like Scott, Lord Playfair, Sir Horace Rumbold, Augustus Hare, and antiquaries without number of an older school have in vain sought the solution, says the *Evening News*.

As to what the secret really is, there are as many theories as there are days in the year. To an inquirer who was anxious to hear the story, the late Earl said, "If you could guess the nature of this secret, you would go down on your knees and thank God that you are ignorant of it." It is an oppressive, awe-inspiring inheritance, this secret which the heir must learn upon the night he attains his majority. It is said to be so grim and terrible as to affect the whole lives of those who learn it, and make them different from other men.

Many men have believed that they had pierced the enveloping obscurity and come at the heart of the mystery. There is the story of the evil-living Earl who bartered his soul for a game at cards, and now upon certain days holds demoniacal revels in the sealed chamber. There is the story of imprisoned men who, in the mad agony of starvation, ate each other's flesh; and there are other stories of murders and crimes unspeakable. Whatever it be, never more than three living men know it.

The owner for the time being is solemnly bound to conduct his eldest son to the chamber on the night of his twenty-first birthday; or, if he have no son, his heir-presumptive. The factor of the estate accompanies them, and so is made a party to the secret. The curious part is that the factor is never known to stay in the house after the initiation ceremony, but rides for his home, no matter how stormy the night, nor late the hour. The family is wealthy—the late Earl left over a million—and could live elsewhere, but on this night, at any rate, they will all be gathered at Glamis.

A favoured theory of the credulous is that there exists in the dungeon a hideous, half-human monster, of horrible aspect and fabulous age. A variant of the same idea has it that such a creature, a species of vampire, is born every generation into the family to represent the incarnate embodiment of a terrible curse upon the house. Whatever the mystery, the late Earl found it a subject for constant prayer. A guest who had been staying at the castle, leaving early in the morning, passed the little private chapel. There he saw kneeling in prayer at the altar his host, dressed in the evening clothes which he had worn overnight.

There have been tragedy and misery enough in old days at the castle to furnish a dozen mysteries besides this inscrutable one. One Earl died the day after his wedding; three earls, brothers, successively met violent deaths. And Janet Douglas, Lady Glamis, supplied by her own fate the most tragic story of all. She died, burnt at the stake on Castle Hill, Edinburgh, as a witch. The charge was made against her by her own son, who afterwards confessed that the story he had told by which he had brought his mother to her agonising death was a baseless fabrication.

A MODERN "WITCH."

The trial at Erfurt of a so-called "wise woman" for defrauding a rich farmer and his family brought to light an extraordinary case of superstition.

The farmer, who owns a large estate near Naegelstadt, six years ago met with some ill-luck, and at once concluded that he was "possessed by the Devil." The "Wise Woman" of Langensalza, who was consulted, confirmed this belief, and was requested by the farmer to relieve him of the Evil One.

She went about it with many ceremonies, which wound up with the burial in the earth at dead of night of an ordinary new pot in which the farmer had previously placed a considerable amount of money. After the pot was buried, the farmer, his family, and the "wise woman" retired some distance and waited.

Suddenly there came a slight flash and a little explosion on the spot where the money was buried. The peasants were awestricken, and the "wise woman" at once declared, "There goes the Devil. He took your money, and you have got rid of him."

The farmer said at the trial that he felt relieved after this occurrence for some time, when the Devil took possession of him again. This time a larger sum was needed to conjure the fiend, and in this manner the woman continued to defraud the farmer for six years, during which time she relieved him of £4300. She had five accomplices who helped her to dupe the superstitious people in the vicinity of Langensalza, from whom they extracted many thousands more by the most absurd methods.

All the defendants were convicted and sentenced to a number of years' imprisonment.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large Bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]

THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

PROLOGUE.

The time of inaction is past. Once more the Empire is threatened by a peril so strange and unexpected that the very rumours of it seem wildly incredible. The safety of a vast territory, of a whole continent, won by the expenditure of vast wealth and the blood of our best and truest, hangs in the balance. Only one man can stem the torrent of disaster—Graydon Garth.

Graydon Garth! Millionaire, soldier, statesman, scholar, and inventor, he wields a power strong enough to shake the earth. His wonderful airships, armed with death-dealing weapons, have before saved the Empire in an hour of overwhelming danger.

Vanessa, the beautiful Queen of the Hill Country of Thibet, is Graydon Garth's wife. Fascinated by her beauty, he married her, winning her love by some hypnotic influence. Then he fell ill, and the spell was broken. She hated him with the intensity of a tigress, and as he lay sick and helpless she tried to stab him, and, foiled, disappeared.

Burly Lord Leckburn, the bluff, good-humoured giant, is the millionaire's staunch friend. To Graydon Garth he owes almost everything in his life, and they are now discussing their plan of action.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS.

"But my stables are at your service, Ned," drawled the lazy voice. "You know that."

Leckburn wiped the clinging fog from his beard.

"Of course I know it. I owe everything to you, my lord. But I find you terribly exacting, a bitter taskmaster."

"Ned!"

"My lord," said Leckburn, stretching out his hand in the darkness, "I am only joking. You know I am devoted to you. Confound it, womanish as it may seem, I love and worship you, my lord. And so does Mella, my wife, and so does little Garth. My lord, surely I have not offended you! I would rather have bitten off my tongue. But I know I have not, for you are quite familiar with my thick-headed, blundering ways. By Jove! old friend, you should see the youngster, our little Garth, swaggering about with his sword over his shoulder and my V.C. pinned on his breast. It's more than laughable."

"To Mella, Ned?" drawled the millionaire.

Leckburn was silent for a moment. The oars fell swiftly and regularly, the fog grew denser.

"No," he answered sadly, "not to Mella."

"No matter," drawled the millionaire. "What I have promised, I have promised, Ned. We shall sit together, old fogies both you and I, and shout with the loudest. And whose name shall we shout, Ned? You can guess. Backwater, there!"

The boat came to a standstill, and the millionaire strove to pierce the fog.

"Hush!"

Graydon Garth laid his fingers on Leckburn's sleeve. Oars were splashing behind them. The mystery of it all was getting on the young nobleman's nerves. He had not the faintest notion of the object of this midnight cruise. He had learned by this time to obey the millionaire implicitly and unquestioningly, so he merely shrugged his great shoulders and sucked solemnly at his unlighted pipe.

"Death of my life! A thousand curses upon this pit of blackness!"

The voice was so close that Leckburn started. By stretching out his long arms he could have touched the impatient speaker. In the grip of the tire, the boat was slowly moving back up the stream. Garth's hand was still lying warningly upon Leckburn's sleeve. He could feel the long fingers trembling through the cloth.

"Your Highness is bad tempered."

"Great Scott!" thought Leckburn, "a woman. This is interesting. If her face is as pretty as her voice, I should like to make her acquaintance. And 'Highness,' eh? By Jove! there is some aristocratic company befogged besides ourselves."

A sound, like the beat of a muffled drum, rolled through the mist. Garth uttered a guttural order in a strange tongue and dragged over the tiller. Then he leaned forward, and something clicked in his hand.

A stunted, shapeless form crouching on one of the thwarts stirred with a groan.

"You know the price of treachery, Muel-Ab?" muttered the millionaire in Arabic. "Give me your right hand."

There was a second click as a handcuff closed over the man's wrist. The prow of the boat touched the oozy shore.

"Keep close to me, Ned," drawled Graydon Garth, "unless you wish to be choked like a rat in one of these beds of slime. Our dusky friend cannot very well give us the slip without permission, as I have taken the liberty of attaching him bodily. If he attempts any of his Dervish pleasantries, you must strangle him as comfortably as possible. Of course, we can ill spare him, as he happens to know the way."

"And a sweet, inviting way it is," growled Leckburn. "I'm going to mutiny, my lord. Give me permission to light my pipe, and I am quite willing to end my valuable life in the first mudhole."

"Then smoke," drawled Graydon Garth, "but shield the match. Now I hope you are satisfied. I am waiting."

He shook the trembling guide roughly, and they moved away blindly through the long, dank grass. The muffled sound had dwindled into silence, and a faint tinge of yellow light gleamed above them through the fog. It was the moon struggling in vain to pierce the mist of the river.

Their boots splashed through shallow water, and they could not see a yard beyond them. The dusky guide never hesitated. They wound in and out between black, treacherous pools, and passed warily over flimsy bridges of rotting planks. Suddenly the man pointed forward with his free hand.

"The house without windows," he said in Arabic. "I have done my part. My lord's life is in his own hands."

Graydon Garth uttered his toneless laugh. A puff of air swept the mist momentarily aside, and the watery beams of the moon fell on ruined gables and straggling trees. As a curtain falls across the stage the fog shut down.

"Ned," drawled Garth, "please stay where you are and entertain our guest."

"Then you intend to leave me behind?" cried Leckburn in dismay.

"That is just what I do intend. My dear fellow, we should get a name for having disgusting manners if we were to leave our visitor to amuse himself. Take the utmost care of him, for it would be most irritating to lose him. Perhaps you had better hold his collar just as a proof of your attachment. In case he should evince any desire to wander—to pick flowers, for instance—check him gently, but firmly."

"And am I to take your remark about the choking seriously?" asked Leckburn.

"Quite seriously," drawled Graydon Garth. "If you hear me whistle, answer."

He vanished in the direction of the dark house almost at a run. Pausing, he slipped off his muddy boots and listened intently. Only the hoarse roar of a siren broke the tense silence. The house was buried in ivy, whose tough roots had eaten into the cracked walls. With the ease of a cat the millionaire began to climb. When the moon shone out again he was clinging under the eaves.

The next moment he was lying flat on the treacherous tiled roof. Swiftly he knotted a silken cord round the base of a rickety chimney stack and dropped the free end through a gaping hole. Gripping the cord, he crept slowly backwards. At once he was swinging in mid air, surrounded by pitchy blackness. Hand over hand he descended, lightly and easily, until his feet touched the floor.

Graydon Garth struck a match and instantly extinguished it. That brief gleam of light had photographed all he wished to see upon his brain. The room was carpeted with dead, dry leaves, the accumulation of twenty years. The plaster had fallen from the walls, showing the skeleton laths and the bare bricks.

The millionaire went down on his hands and knees and silently scraped the leaves aside. His fingers touched a rusted iron ring. He clutched it, and gave a tug, lifting a trap door sheer away from its hinges. Then he struck a second match and peered down. Below him the beams showed white and new, telling of recent workmanship.

GLAMIS CASTLE: The home with a secret of the Earls of Strathmore. Photographed from an old engraving.

The Crookedest Railway in the World: A section of a San Francisco line. Note the double bow knot made by the railway track.

"Then Muel-Ab did not lie," he muttered lazily, "and I have twenty minutes to spare."

He put the expiring flame of the match to a cigarette and began to smoke dreamily. Then he unstrapped a long leather satchel from his shoulder and opened it. Crouching in the cavity, he sent an auger biting through the wood. Then a saw scraped softly. Light and darkness seemed alike to the millionaire. As he cut the planks away he lifted them out until the aperture was wide enough to allow his body to pass in.

"As I thought," he drawled, "plaster below. Though light proof, it is not sound proof, and we can soon remedy the former defect. I may have to make another theatrical appearance, so I must have the rope."

Laying aside the auger, he scraped at the plaster with his knife, taking care to remove every atom of dust. At last the point of the knife cut through, and a thin arrow of light flashed into the millionaire's eyes. Then he tossed the silken rope into the hole. Some twenty feet of it had not been uncoiled. Driving stout screws into the framework of the trapdoor, he passed the cord from one screw to the other, forming a kind of hammock in which to lie and watch, for the plaster would have crumbled under his weight.

Then, with his eyes to the crevice, Graydon Garth waited.

The room below him was elegantly furnished and lighted with hanging lamps, and the walls, covered with crimson tapestry, were almost hidden by pictures in massive frames. They were masterpieces, but the themes of all were hideous and ghastly—the execution of Charles I., the guillotining of Marie Antoinette, the murder of Rizzio, the massacre of the Huguenots, and the great plague of London. These grim paintings hung below, and above them were placed full-length portraits of half a dozen European monarchs—a dagger with a silver hilt thrust into the heart of each.

The lips of the silent watcher compressed as a woman entered the room.

"Aurore," he muttered, "wife of Kanarphes, the Egyptian. Bah! I might have guessed it."

The woman laid one white hand on the keys of the piano and began to hum the "Marseillaise." Then her voice rose and swelled triumphantly. There is no tune like the "Marseillaise," so terrible, so intoxicating. The clank of arms, the deadly hiss of the falling knife of the guillotine, the wild clamour of the bloodthirsty rabble, and the rattle of muskets at the barricades of Old Paris seem to live again in every note. It was the war song of the Revolution, the death-knell of princes and kings, the anthem of anarchy and murder. She looked up as she sang, and Graydon Garth saw the face of the most beautiful woman in Europe, the woman whose plots and intrigues had banished her from every Court—Aurore du Barry, the wife of Kanarphes, the Egyptian.

"Brava! Vive la Marseillaise!"

She turned with a laugh on her lips and bowed mockingly. A man in gorgeous uniform had entered the room softly and had sat down behind her. He did not seem more than thirty, but his hair was as white as snow, and he held a crutch between his knees. Again the watcher's lips compressed.

"Constantine, Grand Duke of Riga," he said below his breath, "lap-dog of the Great White Tsar."

The woman touched a bell, and a servant came in carrying a salver on which stood champagne and cigarettes. The Grand Duke hobbled to his feet and limped from picture to picture.

"Madam," he said, in French, "you have a gruesome taste in art. The only cheerful thing I see is that portrait of my Imperial uncle neatly spitted upon his canvas heart. It is rather a pity you cannot spit him in reality. It would place your humble servant one step nearer the throne. That would only leave two obstacles."

"And what are two lives to your Highness?"

"Nothing more than that. Two lives exactly."

She lighted a cigarette, and she motioned him to sit down beside her.

"Duke," she said, "like myself, you are a skilled plotter. We are both ambitious and both strong-willed enough to gain our ends. Do not imagine that I have brought you here for nothing. You know what I am, I know what you are. Let me tell you your two dreams in life. The first is the throne of all the Russias."

The glass trembled in his hand and he turned as white as death.

"For Heaven's sake," he muttered, "take care! What are you saying?"

"The truth. Surely, my lord Duke, you are not afraid of the truth? These walls have no ears. Now for the second dream."

"I can guess what you want to say, madam," the other sneered. "You have some wild scheme for driving the British out of Africa. Your husband's carefully-worded letter hinted at it."

"But it is no wild scheme. Listen to me, Duke. The obligation is wholly on our side. You did me a kindness once, and that is why I sent for you. We can do without your aid easily. At present I am only Aurore, the adventuress. Before a year is over I shall be a queen."

"You are a queen already, madam," said the Russian, with a bow. "A Queen of Beauty."

She stood up and began to pace the room majestically, her silken train trailing behind her.

"Yes, a queen," she cried, "ruler of millions! They laughed when Aurore du Barry, descendant of one of the noblest families of France, married Kanarphes, the Egyptian. Kanarphes, the mummy, they called him; saturated with learning, as dry and musty as his books and papyrus scrolls. They laughed when he boasted of the blood of the old Pharoahs in his veins. And yet I could have chosen in high places, my lord Duke. Have you forgotten that evening at Nice, Constantine, twelve years ago? Did you not tell me you would brave the Tsar's anger and make me Grand Duchess of Riga? And yet I married Kanarphes, the mummy."

She was facing him mockingly, the cigarette between her lips.

"To be a Duchess is a fine thing," she laughed; "but it is better to be a queen. That is why I married Kanarphes."

The eavesdropper held his breath. The veins on his forehead were swollen and rigid as cords.

"I fancy I understand you, madam," answered the Russian, still speaking in perfect French; "and yet I cannot understand you at all. I am aware that your husband boasts of the blood of ancient kings. Surely you are not mad enough to think of overthrowing the Khedive? Do you forget that he is only a puppet, that the real ruler of Egypt is the Sirdar, that the real owners of the country are the British? My dear Aurore, Cairo and Khartoum are just as much portions of the British Empire as the Strand or Piccadilly."

The woman laughed outright.

"As yet, Constantine," she answered dreamily, "I have not decided whether I shall make Cairo or Cape Town my capital."

"Death of my life!" he gasped.

Either the woman was mad or she was jesting. He stared at her in amazement.

"Come," she said, "you are a soldier, Constantine. Imagine for a moment that I had the power to raise an army magically, well-equipped, well-armed, well-mounted and led. How many men would I need to sweep Africa from north to south?"

"A million at least."

"A million!" she cried disdainfully. "What is a mere million? As truly as I stand here before you, my lord Duke, my husband, Kanarphes, the Egyptian, has five million warriors at his beck and call. You think me mad, raving, and I cannot blame you. I thought Kanarphes, the Egyptian, mad when he told me the prophecy of Bago-Van, High Priest of Vor. But it is true. And my five million warriors live in the land of Gugal-or, beyond the morasses and cane-swamps of Umgadso, where no white men can live. That is why I married Kanarphes, the Learned. He alone has the talisman that will bring these wild hordes sweeping north and south—the talisman of the Sacred Eye. He alone can make me a queen."

She paused, tossed the cigarette away, and looked disdainfully at the astonished Russian.

"You do not believe me?"

"Madam," answered the Russian, "do not think me so ungallant. How could I doubt a woman?"

She snapped her fingers, and then dragged a roll of faded papyrus from her bosom.

"Here is the proof," she said, "the proof and the key. For eight long years Kanarphes has been toiling among these people teaching them to make rifles and ammunition. Muel-Ab, the Dervish, has been our messenger. All is ready, and more than ready. I sail for Cape Town to-morrow. Five weeks ago three million men left Gugal-or for the south. Read, and be convinced."

The Russian clutched the faded roll of papyrus. A crashing sound sent their hearts leaping into their throats.

The woman uttered a piercing cry, the table was overturned, the man staggered against the wall.

A human form broke through the ceiling amid a shower of falling plaster. The whole house quivered from roof to basement with the sudden shock as the tough rope, through a loop of which the strange apparition's foot was thrust, brought him up a few inches from the ground.

He strode forward, a revolver gleaming in each hand.

"Madam," he drawled, "accept my apologies for thus intruding on your hospitality. How charming you look since I last saw you at Monte Carlo! Really you seem to grow younger every day. Can it be fifteen years ago? How time flies! *Bon soir*, my lord Duke of Riga; I hope you are well. What is this lying on your floor? Papyrus, by all that's wonderful. You know my weakness for ancient hieroglyphs. I cannot resist them. I must take the liberty of borrowing it. Madam, surely you are not unwell?"

She was crouching in a corner, petrified, ashen. Her white lips moved tremulously, gasping his name:

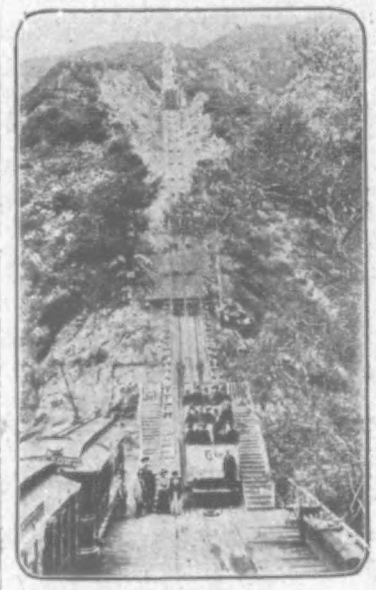
"Graydon Garth!"

Photo, Chidley, Walsall.

WALSALL TOWN HALL: This splendid new building was opened last Wednesday.

MARCHING ORDERS.

Terry Muldoon sat in an easy chair, a long clay pipe in his hand, a stiff glass of whisky at his elbow, and his enormous slippered feet



A Hill-Climbing Railway: The famous incline railway up the side of Mount Lowe in Southern California.

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resting on the mantelpiece to the imminent jeopardy of Mrs. Terry's pretty vases, knick-knacks, and ornaments. Opposite him reclined Micky, the gunner of the *Winged Terror*, a veritable pigmy beside his giant comrade. Micky held a cigar in the left corner of his ample mouth, and he was lazily grinding weird noises out of his beloved concertina.

"Mick!" growled Terry.

"Terry!" growled Micky, the gunner.

"Bedad!" said Terry, "this is something like life. We've nothing to do except eat and drink and sleep."

"That's so," answered the gunner, heaving a deep sigh; "I wouldn't change wid the King. Troth, the joy of it's killing me intoirely. I faal just like a landed jintleman wid me foive pounds comin' in iv'ry week an' the milkman an' the grocer touchin' their hats an' callin' me 'sor' to me face. 'Bedad! me overgrown jooil, it's a broth of a life. We'll celebrate it once more by touchin' a bit o' melody."

The concertina crashed out a rousing tune. Terry's enormous feet left the mantelpiece, and he looked at his friend.

"Don't, Micky!" he groaned.

"Sing," said Micky; "it'll let off a bit o' the sthame."

"Don't I wish it were thrue?" growled the giant. "Here goes!"

His voice, twice as thunderous even as Lord Leckburn's, went crashing through the house:

Marchin' orders! Marchin' orders!
Oirish lads, put yer best fut first.
For the sake of Ould Erin, whose colours
ye're wearin', Oirish bhoys, put yer
best fut first!
Kiss yer swate colleen at duty's call—faith
and bedad, why kiss them all!
Bayonet, rifle, and bugle-call, and the
Shamrock green we're wearin'.
Somebody'll curse the day we left our bonny
land, Ould Erin.

"Chorus!" roared Micky, the gunner, his eyes sparkling.

They howled rather than sang it:

East and west, north and south, there
ye'll see the green,
For we'll foight for Britain's King, as we
fought for Britain's Queen:
Bayonet, drum, and rifle as we march
east and west,
Till we meet our own swate colleens wid
the medals on our breast.

Terry, carried away by enthusiasm, was about to repeat the chorus when a heavy knock sounded upon the outer door.

"A visitor," said the gunner.

"Water-rate, I expect," growled Muldoon. "It's a lovely thing not to have to get out of the scullery window, Mike, and do a bolt whin the taxes come along. Faith, I've had to do it scores of toimes afore I met my lord and found meself a bloated millionaire."

Terry jingled the money in his pockets as if quite prepared to pay as many rates as the authorities cared to inflict upon him. The knock was repeated, and then a third and softer knock was heard.

"Telegram, sir," said a white-aproned maid.

Muldoon glared as he took the mauve envelope. A telegram in the Muldoon family was looked upon, from its rarity, as a kind of explosive. Terry steadied his nerves with a sip from the glass.

"I have a conviction, Mike," he said, "that it consarns my brother Pether."

"That broth o' a bhoy you was tellin' me about?"

"No other," sighed Terry. "A pound of pig's fut it's to tell me he's been hanged."

"An' a moighty aisy comfortable d'ith entoirely," said Mike, "as long as the rope don't break."

"The boy is waiting, sir," put in the maid.

Still Terry hesitated, scratching his head.

"Faith," he sighed, "he was a jooil o' a youth, was Pether. He went to Americky suddenly, faalin' that the ould counthrey wasn't good for his h'ilth. The last toime he wrote they'd made him a senator, and he towld me that he was makin' his fortchune. Well, well, let us face the avil news."

He tore open the envelope. A thunderous yell came from his great chest.

"Did he doie aisy?" inquired Mike, winking at the pretty maid.

"Doie?" yelled Muldoon. "Hurroo! Look at it, raad it. By St. Pathrick, raad it!"

He tossed the telegram to the gunner, and, kicking Mrs. Terry's pretty chairs right and left, he began to dance a jig. Micky's astonished eyes bulged out as they rested on the brief message.

"*Active service. Be at the usual place at eleven-thirty.*—GARTH."

"No answer," gasped the gunner. "Fut it, my son; fut it! Hurroo!"

Springing up, he brandished the concertina above his head, and, pumping it to the rousing melody of "Finnigan's Wake," showed Muldoon how a jig ought to be danced. The terrible uproar startled both Mrs. Mike and Mrs. Terry, who were having a quiet cup of tea in the pretty little summer-house.

"Whist!" cried Terry warningly, as the bright sunlight cast a shadow on the blind.

Instantly the concertina vanished under the table, and the chairs were replaced. When the door opened the two men were blinking gravely at each other.

"What's all the noise about?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, thrusting in her smiling face.

"Noise, ma'am?" inquired the gunner in innocent surprise. "Did ye hear any noise, Terry?"

"Faith, I fancy I did," said Terry. "Maybe it's the cat afther the cowld beef. I'll have to talk serious to that cat."

Mrs. Muldoon, anxious for the welfare of her larder, tripped away, and the two rascals winked solemnly at each other.

"It's hard to lave thim," said Micky, sighing.

"Yes," said Muldoon, repeating the sigh, "but there's a silver linin'. We'll be all the happier when we get back."

The gunner took a thoughtful pinch of snuff and fished the concertina out of its ambush. Softly he began to play "Marching Orders" again, while Muldoon beamed upon him joyously, his red face aglow like the rising sun.

"WOE UNTO THEM THAT DWELL IN THE SOUTH."

Graydon Garth reclined on a heap of cushions, the silver opium pipe between his lips. He was in his Hall of Delights. Not a mile away the full tide of London's midnight traffic choked the teeming streets. Here night and day seemed alike. Snow-white pigeons fluttered and cooed around him, the fountain sang its silvery song, painted butterflies and gorgeous-humming birds flitted from blossom to blossom, and lizards, flashing with metallic hues, lay in ambush for the insects they preyed upon.

Vanessa, the Queen, wearing the thin gold band of sovereignty round her dark forehead, knelt beside her lord. Her beautiful face was clouded with doubt and misgiving, and her discarded mandoline was tossed away.

"It is bitter, my lord," she said. "Have I found you but to lose you?"

"Fate wills it so, Vanessa," drawled Graydon Garth, "and no wish of mine."

"But may I not go with you?"

"Not yet. If I need you I will send for you. It all depends on the news I am waiting for. Do not look so sad. Perhaps I can find you some task that will keep you from brooding too much while I am away. For the present you must go to Lady Leckburn. Sarad has already ordered a special train for you. Ah, there goes the bell. Who is the visitor?"

Vanessa rose, and, pulling aside a curtain, glanced into a polished mirror. Reflected there she saw the outer street, a carriage drawn up against the curb, and a brawny figure.

"My Lord Leckburn," she said. "He is buying a newspaper. Now he is reading it. How his face has changed in the lamplight! Gods! he has dashed up the steps and hurled the footman back. Surely he brings strange news?"

"Doubtless," drawled Graydon Garth, lazily. Good-night, sweetheart!"

Standing up he lifted her jewelled hand to his lips. Turning, she kissed her fingers to him, and then vanished into the green vista of the palms. Sarad, the Nubian, entered silently. Garth was leaning against the rim of the fountain. Again a bell rang.

"Show my lord in in ten minutes," drawled the millionaire. "See first what is coming off the wire."

Sarad bowed and withdrew, while the bell kept up an insistent tinkling. When he returned he was carrying three strips of paper. With folded arms and eyes half-closed Graydon Garth paced up and down.

"Read," he said. "Is there anything from Cairo?"

"Nothing, my lord, except rumour."

"Then the wires have been cut? What else? Read quickly."

"The first is from Karunga, my lord, by messenger to Muata Yamoos, and five days old. It says: 'Congo State in panic. Natives in tens of thousands flying south. Sky dark with smoke for weeks. Mysterious canoe flotilla on Tanganyika. Unknown hordes sweeping down. Fever raging here, and communication cut off. Come quickly.—PENRITH."

"And from Buluwayo?"

"Rumours, my lord. The incredible story of a vast host of mysterious invaders is rapidly spreading. Natives are pouring in, bringing the news. It is received here as worthless, being probably founded on the fact of a raid by the Central African tribes. Owing no doubt to a heavy gale or the mischievousness of the natives there is a breakdown on the Cape to Cairo wire. This has been delayed, my lord," he added. "The evening papers have later information."

Garth smiled again and lighted a cigarette.

"And what has Ordon to say?" he drawled. "I know who delayed the last cablegram."

"Only this, my lord. 'If you would save Africa, for Heaven's sake, do not delay.'"

"Thank you, Sarad. Show in my Lord Leckburn."

Leckburn came like a whirlwind, brandishing the paper in his hand.

"My lord," he bellowed, "here's a pretty panic. People are going raving mad. I got the news at the club. Have you heard?"

"Ned, my dear fellow," drawled the millionaire, "be less impetuous. You arrive like a roaring bull in pursuit of a red rag. Of course, I have heard. Sit down, smoke, help yourself to a cooling draught in the form of a whisky-and-soda, and be calm. See, you have frightened all my pigeons. Please calm yourself, my human tornado. I am going to talk to you."

He sat down on the edge of the fountain, stretched out his long, thin legs, and yawned.

"What is your opinion of Africa, Ned?"

"A bad one of some parts of it," answered Leckburn, pressing the tap of the soda siphon, and an excellent one of the rest. Of course, when on campaign, a man only sees the worst side—mud, dust, blazing heat, and drenching rain. I can't grumble though, for, except for a wound or so, and a perpetual empty stomach, I did not fare badly."

"My friend," drawled Graydon Garth, smiling, "I am afraid your imagination is not on a par with your appetite. Even to-day the heart of Africa is a silent mystery. It has been explored, they say. By that comprehensive term they mean that a few white men and a caravan of bearers have moved here and there. A snail might as well crawl from London to Carlisle on the railway line, and then boast that it had discovered Great Britain. It would be just as reasonable. Central Africa, with its fever swamps, cattle-killing flies, its boundless forests, its wild races, its teeming hordes of fierce beasts and fiercer men, is like a book whose clasps are locked. We have seen the name on its cover, but nothing more."

He held up his hand as Leckburn was about to speak, his grey eyes were dreamy and languid.

"One moment. I know what you were going to say. To me even Africa is a mystery. As I told you, I want you to come a journey with me. The night I visited the house on the swamp I gained some priceless information. The papers are teeming with rumours about an advancing host—a mysterious army moving up Rhodesia, a resistless, mighty horde, leaving a smoking, corpse strewn wilderness behind them. Those rumours are true."

Leckburn started.

"True, my lord?"

"Quite true," drawled the millionaire. "And more than that, it is no untrained rabble, but a drilled and equipped army five millions strong, the like of which the world has never known. Yes, Ned, and armed with rifles and heavy guns!"

"Five millions strong!" gasped Leckburn, turning pale. "Is this some fairy tale, my lord?"

"The truth. I do not believe in prophecies unless they are such as must come true in the natural course of events. I will read you the prophecy of Bago-Pan, High Priest of Vor, the All-Powerful, written two thousand years ago."

Leckburn looked at the millionaire keenly, puzzled at the turn the conversation had taken, but was silent. Taking a faded yellow roll from his pocket, the papyrus covered with faint hieroglyphics, Graydon Garth read slowly and clearly:

"And lo! when the full cycle of the years shall be completed, one shall come from the Hidden Lands to the sacred land of my people. In his hand, strong to smite, shall he hold the ever-seeing eye of Vor, the All-Powerful.

"Strange weapons of thunder shall be given unto ye; strange arts shall he teach unto ye.

"Then, in that day, shall the warriors rise and follow him, led by the Banner of the Eyes. Yea, as the locusts of the desert in the multitude shall ye follow him until the earth shall smoke and quake under your head.

"And in that day woe unto them that dwell in the south! for ye shall eat them up as the fire eats the dry grass, and destroy them utterly."

Garth raised his head and slowly ignited a fresh cigarette at the smouldering stump of the other.

"It sounds like a few verses out of the Koran," said the matter-of-fact Leckburn. "What does it mean?"

"That the prophecy has come true," drawled Graydon Garth; "that the stranger has come from the Hidden Lands with the talisman of the eye; that the sacred hordes of Vor, armed with weapons of thunder, are following him like the locusts. That is all."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Leckburn. "What a relief! I thought it might be something serious. My lord, I do not intend to be flippant, but if any other man had told me this, my remarks to him would not have been complimentary. The quality of your whisky is excellent, and therefore, with every feeling of deep respect, I drink the health of the mummy or the bones of the defunct prophet, as the case may be."

Garth laughed softly, and dabbled his hand to and fro in the basin of the fountain.

"Really," went on Leckburn, "I should like an introduction to the gentleman with this famous eye."

Garth turned upon him swiftly.

"If we live, Ned," he drawled. "I pledge you my word that you shall know him."

"Then you know him, my lord?"

"Yes," hissed Graydon Garth, his eyes ablaze, "Kanarphes, the Egyptian."

"The husband of the notorious Aurore Du Barry?"

"Yes, again." The millionaire raised his hand. "Kanarphes, the scholar, the mummy, the son of kings! Kanarphes, whose life's aim is consolidated Africa, himself its emperor! Bah! I admire him for his absolute unscrupulousness, his disregard for human life, his tenacity and power. Egypt has given us a second Napoleon in this man. He is strong enough to shake the earth. His hordes will sweep Africa from sea to sea unless——"

"Unless what, my lord?" asked Leckburn, hoarsely.

"Unless I swear my vendetta against Kanarphes, the Egyptian," drawled Graydon Garth, "and here I swear it. I swear——"

He spun round abruptly, his face calm and impassive once more.

"Yes, Sarad?"

"The Countess du Barry, my lord."

"Wait, Ned," drawled the millionaire, "while I interview the wife of Kanarphes, the mummy. She has come to offer terms."

(*To be continued.*)

SHOPPING IN INDIA: Native servants making purchases for their masters in the bazaar.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

The past week has been notable for the death of three celebrated men whose ways were as wide as the poles asunder. One was a Red Indian savage, one an officer in the British Army, and the third a man whose practical philanthropy was second only to that of "General" Booth.

It may seem strange to you that I should write of "Rain in the Face," the Sioux Chief, of Col. Frank Rhodes, and of Dr. Barnardo in one article. Yet these three men had something in common. Amid the sordid materialism of our twentieth century "civilisation," they served the Goddess of Romance and High Ideals as faithfully as any knight of old.

I do not wish to imply that they are all three equally worthy of regard. Judged from the standpoint of usefulness to his fellow-men, Dr. Barnardo stands head and shoulders above the other two. But all three, in their own way, showed an example to the world at large. Each was a man of "pluck" and "grit," and each was as true to his own ideals as the other.

And, after all, though you may say that these are merely the attributes of a real "gentleman," they are sufficiently rare to be worth recording in the twentieth century. Not many of us trouble to have any ideals at all at the present day, and, if we have, we are rarely found attempting to live up to them.

I think the good old primitive days were really best in many ways—days when a man was painted black or white for all the world to see, just like the characters in a modern melodrama.

Nowadays we are mostly "wishy-washy" sort of creatures, lacking the pluck to be either very good or very bad, and just content to rub along under a colourless sort of cloak of mild hypocrisy.

I have just been reading some very interesting maxims of the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer. Lord Dalling had a very intimate knowledge of men and affairs, and his views on life are therefore well worth hearing. Originally an officer in the Life Guards, he had later a most distinguished career as a diplomat in Paris, Brussels, Constantinople, Madrid, and Washington.

Here are some of the axioms in which he believed:

The way to be always respected is to be always in earnest.

You cannot show a greater want of tact than in attempting to console a person by making light of his grief.

One of the charms of an intimacy between two persons of different sexes is that the man loves the woman for qualities he does not envy, and the woman appreciates the man for qualities she does not pretend to possess.

If you expect a disagreeable thing, meet it and get rid of it as soon as you can; if you expect anything agreeable, you need not be in such a hurry, for the anticipation of pain is pain—the anticipation of pleasure, pleasure.

It is very difficult to get stupid people to change their opinions, for they find it so hard to get an idea that they don't like to lose one.

Lord Dalling filled several large diaries and note-books with these original axioms. I have selected a few of the best:

Some men ride a steeplechase after fortune; some seek it leisurely on the beaten track; and some hope to attain it by a new path which they think they have discovered. The first arrive rapidly or not at all; the second arrive surely, but generally too late; the last usually lose their way, but are so charmed with their road that they forget the object of their journey.

Superior men rarely underrate the talents of those who are inferior to them. Inferior men nearly always underrate the talents of those whose abilities are above their own; for the tendency of genius is to raise to its own height, that of mediocrity to depress to its own level.

If you begin by thinking that nothing can be done without difficulty, you will end by doing everything with facility.

What do you think of our new serial story? I hope you are reading it. As I said last week, it is one of the most thrilling serial stories I have read for a very long time, and I feel sure that it will please you. If you did not read the opening instalment last week, I hope you will do so now. I should like to have a post-card telling me what you think of it, if you can spare time.

In reply to a note in a recent issue, a large number of readers have sent me their views as to what constitutes real success. If space permitted I would publish a selection from the letters, many of which are very interesting. I will quote one post-card, sent by Mr. J. H. Lomax, of 44, Market Street, New Mills, near Stockport, which gives a sensible and brief idea of the subject.

Mr. Lomax says: "My views on the secrets of success are, to work hard and strenuously, learning all you can from more experienced persons, and having confidence in yourself to achieve things by using the best of your ability. To make a great amount of money is not what I should aim for, but to gain the confidence of my fellow-men by considering their interests, and to be ready and prepared to cope with the openings which are afforded me in the career I have chosen, thinking that it depends solely on my own abilities and knowledge."

Judging by the hand-writing and punctuation of the post-card on which Mr. Lomax has written his views, I fancy that he is in earnest, and that he will practise what he preaches. I wish him, and my other correspondents who have written to me on the same subject, every success. They will, I am sure, quite appreciate the impossibility of singling out more than one letter for notice in this column.

A Birmingham reader makes an interesting suggestion. He says: "*What do you think of sending a dozen P.I.P.'s to the headmaster of the schools for distribution as prizes to best-behaved boys, or best home lessons, etc.*" If any headmasters of schools would like copies of the *P.I.P.* to give away as prizes, I shall be delighted to send them. My boy readers might ask their masters to apply for them. VALENTIA STEER.

Replies in Brief.

I have gratefully to acknowledge the sum of 5s. sent by Sergeant W. E. Fisher, of Gibraltar, to the FRESH AIR FUND.

R. T.—The seed of which you have sent me a specimen appears to be millet, but it is difficult to recognise it in the state it reached me.

R. N. (Leeds).—No, a foreigner would not be allowed to join the British Navy unless he became a naturalised British subject. Write to the Admiralty, Navy Department, Whitehall, London, S.W.

COVENTRY.—You will find "Greenhouse and Window Plants" (Macmillan and Co., London) very useful. It is only a shilling, and can be obtained through any bookseller. The whole subject is thoroughly dealt with.

T. B. T.—To become tall you should go in largely for athletic exercises, and leave the rest to nature. If you are intended for a short man, you will be one, whatever you do. You should eat only plain, wholesome food, and take plenty of dumb-bell and open-air exercise.

JEWEL.—We believe the Koh-i-Noor diamond is by no means the heaviest in existence, but it is said to be the most brilliant. It weighs, cut, 102½ carats; the Orloff diamond in the Russian Crown weighs 195 carats; the Star of the South weighed 254 carats before cutting.

FOOTBALL PLAYER.—You can make your football boots waterproof in the following manner: Make a composition of linseed oil, one gill; spirit of turpentine, one ounce; beeswax, one ounce. These are to be melted together and rubbed into the leather, when quite dry, before the fire. This composition will be found very effective in preserving the leather from rain and damp.

MANX READER.—The richest Sovereign in Europe is the Tsar of Russia, with £2,400,000 a year; and the King of Roumania, with a paltry £47,000 a year, is the poorest. The annual revenues of several of the other European rulers are as follows: Sultan of Turkey, £1,500,000; German Emperor, £760,000; Emperor of Austria, £740,000; King of Italy, £642,000; King Edward, £520,000.

INVESTOR.—Great Britain lost 148,906 acres between 1867 and 1880 by the encroachments of the sea, and 29,155 acres between 1880 and 1890. A survey in the reign of Edward I. gave the Duchy of Cornwall 1,500,000 acres, but the Ordnance Survey some years ago showed that this had been reduced to 820,500 acres. Villages have disappeared in the ocean, as in the case of Dunwich, of which nothing remains but a ruined church on the edge of a cliff.

CONSCRIPTION.—The troops of the kingdom of Norway are raised mainly by conscription, and to a small extent by enlistment. By the terms of three laws voted by the Storthing in 1866, 1876, and 1885, the land forces are divided into the troops of the line—the Landvaern or militia, the Landstorm or final levy, and the military train. All young men over twenty-two years of age are liable to the conscription, with the exception of three northern portions of the kingdom, who are free from military land service. The young men in the line raised by conscription have to go through a first training in the school of recruits, extending over forty-two days in the infantry, fifty days in the engineers, and seventy days in the artillery and cavalry.

IRISH READER.—I think it was Lord Avebury who stated in the course of a speech that it is sometimes said, most unjustly, that Ireland had been hardly dealt with. On the contrary, she had, he believed, had a much larger representation that she is entitled to, either by population or by her contribution to the Imperial Revenue. Her taxes are the same as ours, except that we pay some that are not levied in Ireland—namely, land tax, house duty, railway tax, assessed taxes, amounting to over £700,000 a year, and others. Since the year 1800 the people of Great Britain have paid the enormous sum of £700,000,000 in taxes which were not levied in Ireland. Up to 1896 Irish farmers paid a lower rate of income tax than Great Britain did, and Irish land is taken at a lower figure for valuation than English land.

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Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, &c., are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. Thousands of persons testify to its Marvellous Efficacy. Sure, Speedy, Permanent. Two Stamps for particulars.—P. A. Roberts, 45 Henley Rd., Southsea.

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To Those About To Marry.—If you want to furnish your home well and economically you should send 1s. 2d. to the Publisher (H. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for a handbook entitled SMALL HOMES AND HOW TO FURNISH THEM.

GAUTIER'S Apiol and Steel Pills regulate the system: boxes 7½d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d.—P. J. Baldwin, Chemist, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

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Billiard Tables.—New and Second-Hand Bargains. Complete from 50s. to £75. Best make; approval; carriage paid; Cash or Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.—Empire Billiard Co., 755 Old Kent Road, London.

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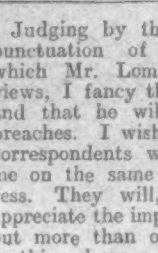

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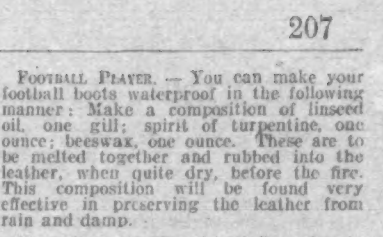
LOST NERVE STRENGTH.



Millions of people live on indifferent to a loss of power, more serious even than loss of blood—THE LOSS OF NERVE STRENGTH. A man who suffers with nervous breakdown, or nervous prostration, is like one of those electric automobiles that you see stranded, because the battery has given out. Men and women go ahead, using up nerve force, regardless of consequences, regardless of thousands of daily warnings. At last the end comes—the battery is exhausted. There is no more nerve electricity, or so little, as to make an attempt at labour painful and useless. Try to show at least as much intelligence in caring for your body as you would in caring for an electric motor.
A loss of nerve strength means a great deal more than is generally known. Weak Back, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Stomach, Liver, Bowel, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Weakness of any Organ of the Body, Lack of Ambition, are all evidences that the animal electricity has been, or is being, drained from the nervous system. We have a way of restoring it, which is fully explained in our
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by OZERINE, the new remedy, which has cured permanently the very worst cases of EPILEPSY when everything else had failed. In many cases fits cease entirely from the first dose. 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Write to Dept. 7 for a free bottle and test it.—I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25 High St., Belfast.

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BRITISH FINE ART CO., 115 Strand, London, W.C.

WHEN THE ROOTS ARE NOT HEALTHY AND STRONG, OR WHEN THEY ARE AFFECTED BY GERMS, YOUR HAIR WILL NOT—INDEED, CANNOT—GROW.

That is why NOTHING CAN BE ANY GOOD FOR

HAIR which is FALLING OUT and PREMATURELY GREY except . . . CAPSULOIDS

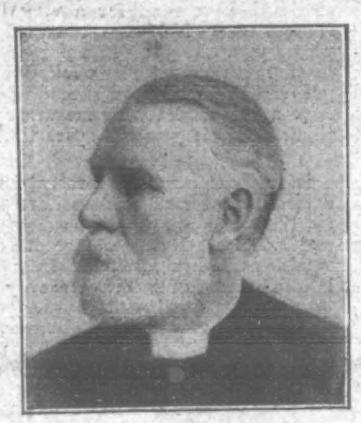
Because the harmful germs which injure the Hair can only be gotten at through the blood, and the only remedy which can reach them through the blood is Capsuloids. It is utterly useless to rub stuff on the scalp, because it cannot get down to the germs.

Chandos Road, Buckingham,
June 6/05.

Sir,—After an attack of influenza my hair commenced to fall out, and nothing I tried was of any use until I began to take Capsuloids. In a very short time I noticed an improvement in my hair, and now it has quite recovered its normal condition.

The improvement in my general health was also quite remarkable.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) L. BONAVIA.



7 Great Bedford Street, Bath.

Dear Sir,—I have now taken your valuable remedy, termed "Capsuloids," for some time, and I have great pleasure in telling you what a powerful restorative they have proved, both with regard to my general health and also with respect to my hair, which came out freely until I began to use Capsuloids—so much so that I was afraid of getting bald. My hair has now ceased to come out, and is thick and soft, and in good condition generally. My general health has also improved wonderfully owing to their use, and I must also mention the very great benefit I have derived from Dr. Campbell's other most valuable remedy, called "Tablones." They have suited me in a way no other medicine ever has, having quite cured my Indigestion of many years' standing, and I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my attention was some time ago called to these remedies, and that I tried them. I would not be without either of them on any account, and I am constantly recommending them to my friends. The interest Dr. Campbell takes in his patients is most gratifying to those who are fortunate enough to know of him and to consult him, as it inspires great confidence and hope. —I am, dear Sir, yours most gratefully,

Rev. J. N. H. LONG.

21 Arncliffe Terrace, Bradford.

Gentlemen,—I sincerely believe your Capsuloids to be all that you claim for them. A friend of mine near London, who had seen them advertised for the hair, and who had derived the greatest benefit from taking them, sent me a few. It was after an illness to which I had been subject and which always leaves me in a low, depressed state.

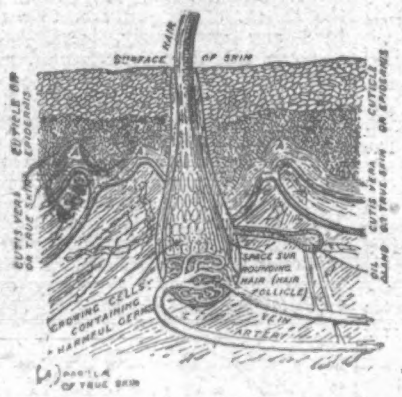
Previously it had seemed impossible to regain strength, and from one attack to another I have never known the feeling of strength—existence being a drag. Unfortunately (being a professional singer and a teacher of singing) this weakness manifested itself chiefly in my throat, besides affecting my hair. I could get no relief. My hair has always fallen out very much after these attacks, but the Capsuloids completely stopped this falling, and my hair soon commenced to grow rapidly. Besides, to my surprise my throat trouble disappeared. I find now remarkable ease in giving instruction to my pupils, while the manner in which I control my own voice is a source of constant delight.

The enclosed photo shows how abundant my hair now is. My hair still continues growing thicker and longer.

I am, with the greatest pleasure, recommending Capsuloids to all my friends.—Faithfully yours,

(Madame) B. MILNER.

Look at this Picture of a Growing Hair greatly magnified, and learn how your hair grows, why it becomes prematurely grey, why it does not grow well, and why it falls out. The whole hair is produced by the multiplication of those growing cells which lie at the bottom and form its root. They rest upon the little blood-vessels which carry the blood containing the red corpuscles from which the cells draw all their nourishment. You can easily see from this picture that when the harmful germs settle in those growing cells and go on multiplying they will injure the



cells, which causes the hair to loosen and fall out, or become prematurely grey. If those germs are not checked, they will in time quite destroy the cells, and as the roots would then be dead, nothing whatever could be done.

You can only kill those germs by quickly making millions of new red blood corpuscles, and the only medicine which will make them rapidly enough is Capsuloids. A look at this scientific picture will enable you to realise that external treatment cannot possibly benefit the hair. Take two Capsuloids with each meal three times daily.

Sold by chemists everywhere at the reduced price of **2s. 3d.** per box, or sent by the CAPSULOID CO. Ltd., 47 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. (opposite City Temple), late of 31 Snow Hill. Special sample given when this Coupon is enclosed and three boxes are ordered from us; larger sample with six. Do not ask your chemist for Sample, for he cannot supply it.

COUPON.
"P. I. P."
Sept. 30/05.

Send for free Hair Booklet and Copy of the "Lancet's" analysis.

These are the Names . . .

of some articles which have recently appeared in "Smith's Weekly." . . . .

WHEN A CLERK LOSES HIS BERTH	July 22
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF BUSINESS	July 22, 29, Aug. 5
IN ORDER TO PLEASE BE PLEASANT	July 29
THE HARD LOT OF A PRETTY MAN	Aug. 5
GET ON, OR GET OUT	Aug. 12
HOW TO START A SMALL SHOP	Aug. 19
WHY SOME MEN DON'T SUCCEED	Aug. 26
IS MARRIAGE A BUSINESS DRAWBACK?	Sept. 9
THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD—ENERGY	Sept. 9
HOW A "CORNER" IS WORKED	Sept. 9
WELL-BRED GIRLS MUST HIDE THEIR FEELINGS	Sept. 9
HOW TO READ A BOOK	Sept. 16
GIRLS I REFUSE TO EMPLOY	Sept. 16
DON'T HESITATE. When you get an idea—push it along	Sept. 16
ARE YOU A FAILURE?	Sept. 23
SITUATIONS AREN'T CERTAIN NOWADAYS	Sept. 23
DULLARDS WHO DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES	Sept. 30
DO ALL YOUNG MEN WANT TO BECOME INVENTORS?	Sept. 30
FAMILIAR FACES AS MONEY-MAKERS	Sept. 30
WHERE LAZINESS CANNOT EXIST	Sept. 30

Surely some of these will interest you. "Smith's Weekly" is the paper that makes you think and makes you successful.